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JAN 31

EDITORIAL

FULL-COURT PRESS

Art Buchwald, who successfully sued Paramount Pictures for stealing his story idea, recently wrote, "Suing major studios is not a funny business. As a matter of fact, I lost my sense of humor 20 months ago when I saw my Xerox bill."

Suing the Department of Defense is not a funny business either, but when the Center for Constitutional Rights agreed to represent a group of news organizations and writers in a suit to stop the Pentagon from censoring coverage of the war in the gulf, *The Nation* signed on. The D.O.D.'s "Guidelines for the News Media," which mandates Pentagon-approved correspondent pools, military escorts for interviews, "security review" of all stories and de facto control over who can go where, should be renamed "Guidelines for Manipulating and Controlling Public Opinion."

The Bush Administration, building on propaganda successes during the Grenada and Panama invasions, has won the first round of the information war: prior restraint in the name of military security (which, incidentally, the press never compromised in Vietnam, despite the lack of censorship). Fill the screen with military Nintendo, but keep war's blood, waste, sacrifices and blunders (especially U.S. blunders) blacked out. Don't show anything that could embarrass the bureaucracy, undermine the President, induce sympathy for the enemy, inflame domestic dissent. And never read the First Amendment.

If the price of liberty is eternal vigilance, the costs of justice can be prohibitive. Fortunately, in this case, you have the Center for Constitutional Rights representing your interests—your right to know. They work pro bono, but still have Xerox bills and rent to pay. Send contributions to the Center for Constitutional Rights, attn: Pat Maher, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10112.

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THOUGHTS ON A WAR

IGNORANT ARMIES CLASH BY NIGHT

EDWARD W. SAID

From the moment that George Bush invented Desert Shield, Desert Storm was all too logical, and Poppy turned himself into Captain Ahab. Saddam Hussein, a dictator of the kind the United States has typically found and supported, was almost invited into Kuwait, then almost immediately demonized and transformed into a worldwide metaphysical threat. Iraq's military capabilities were fantastically exaggerated, the country verbally obliterated except for its by now isolated leader, U.N. sanctions given a ludicrously short run, and then America began the war.

Since 1973 the United States has wanted a physical presence in the Persian Gulf: to control oil supply, to project power and above all, recently, to refurbish and refinance its military. With his crude brutality no match for U.S. and Israeli propaganda, Saddam became the perfect target, and the best excuse to move in. The United States will not soon leave the Middle East.

The electronic war to destroy Iraq as a lesson in retributive power is now in full swing, the press managing patriotism, entertainment and disinformation without respite. As a topic, civilian "collateral damage" has been avoided and unasked about; no one discusses how Baghdad, the old Abbasid capital, might survive the appalling rigors of technological warfare, or how the bombing of its water, fuel and electrical supplies, which sustain 4 million people, is necessary to this "surgical" war (a larger replay of Israel's

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EXCHANGE.

'HATCHET JOB'

Washington

Daphne Wysham's "Big Business Hijacks GATT" [Dec. 17] is the most deranged piece of di[illegible]en since the Mc-[illegible]esented, journal-[illegible]and all accepted [illegible]are missing in action. [illegible]ne libels that must be corrected:

1. The Delaney Clause would not be replaced. The government's position embraces the Delaney Clause.

2. Codex is a unit of the World Health Organization. It is not possible or thinkable that Codex could or would overturn the 1981 infant-formula standard.

3. Codex has nothing to do with raw log exports and is very sensitive to environmental and public health concerns.

4. Daniel Amstutz did not draft the original U.S. GATT proposal involving Codex. My staff and I did. We are not political appointees and are forbidden by law to have business interests in conflict with our position in government.

5. The official Codex delegates are government personnel, not industry officials. Some trade industry organizations have observer status, but so does the International Organization of Consumer Unions. The Joint Expert Committees, which actually evaluate standards, consist only of world experts in an appropriate medical or scientific field and may not and do not consist of industry employees. The expert committees are insulated and may not be lobbied by industry or anyone else.

6. I have not implemented streamlined inspection of cattle—no one has—but the National Academy of Sciences has blessed streamlined inspection that has partial quality control.

7. I have not advocated deregulating the meat industry, nor have I countenanced turning over the policing of the industry to the industry.

8. The European Economic Community has not found "diseased cattle" in the United States. They erected nontariff trade barriers based on hormone usage and semantic differences in our post-mortem inspection procedures.

9. I was not at U.S.D.A. in 1978. When I became administrator in 1987, I ordered a study of the contamination policy.

10. Productivity is not more important to me than public health. I do have to balance a half-billion-dollar budget each year but am known as the public servant who: banned DES in 1979; attempted to ban penicillin and tetracycline from animal feed in 1980 but was overturned by Congress; prohibited the use of chloramphenicol in food-producing animals in 1984; effected the most comprehensive residue control program in the nation's history (sulfamethazine, in 1988, at a cost of $1 million); and imposed the most stringent microbiological control program for meat and poultry products in the nation's history (Listeria, in 1989).

I am not pleased that you allowed an ill-informed dilettante to slander Codex, GATT and the World Health Organization as well as a plethora of dedicated public servants. I know Dan Amstutz and I know Gerry Guest. No federal officials with whom I have worked have been more accomplished or more devoted to the public good. In order to validate her invective, Wysham submitted only anecdote and innuendo from persons known to be highly biased. It was a hatchet job pure and simple and, sadly, for motives that can only be meanspirited. I demand an apology.

Lester M. Crawford
United States Department of Agriculture

WYSHAM REPLIES: 'BULL'S-EYE'

Washington

I appreciate the opportunity to further the debate with Lester Crawford on a matter of such grave international importance.

1. The official position may in fact be to "embrace" the Delaney Clause, the only food safety law that sets a zero tolerance for chemicals and other food additives that cause cancer. However, the position as put forth under the Codex Alimentarius Commission, which Crawford directs, is one that views zero tolerance legislation as incompatible with free trade. The E.P.A., the F.D.A. and other federal agencies have chosen instead to aim for "reasonable risk" in their assessments of carcinogenic substances. And Jean Marc Luc, then director of the agricultural division of GATT, articulated this position when he told the Codex commission in his opening speech in July 1989, "World trade cannot survive with a zero tolerance."

2. Although Crawford says it is unthinkable that the infant-formula marketing code would be overturned, the United States was the only U.N. member to vote against the implementation of the code and has never wholeheartedly supported it. In fact, W.H.O. insiders say that the spirit of the 1981 code has already been contravened, in this country and in the Third World, through the marketing of so-called "follow-up formula" Codex has determined to be distinct in composition from infant formula. Although the name and composition of the two formulas may be considered distinct by Codex, the marketing and resulting infant starvation in Third World countries is the same, according to Unicef insiders. Some insiders are also troubled that at the international level six out of nine delegates from Switzerland to a recent Codex meeting were from Nestlé, the world's largest maker of infant formula, and three out of the twenty-four U.S. delegates to Codex were from Nestlé. And the December 31 *New York Times* reported that the Federal Trade Commission has subpoenaed records of all leading manufacturers of infant formula, suspecting they have collaborated to raise prices on formula sold to welfare mothers—a pattern closely resembling that carried out in the Third World.

3. I did not state that Codex had anything to do with raw log exports. I said GATT, which is still being negotiated behind closed doors, did. Under GATT, Japan is currently challenging the raw log bans in Southeast Asia as a nontariff trade barrier and would very likely do the same in our Pacific Northwest. For an organization that is "very sensitive to environmental and public health concerns," Codex is not doing a very good job—42 percent of the pesticides currently banned by the U.S. government, many of which, like DDT, are extremely toxic and persistent in the food chain, would be permitted under Codex for international use.

4. I'm glad to be set straight on who drafted the original GATT document. But a certain amount of healthy skepticism about conflict of interest is in order when one considers the jobs certain government officials have accepted after leaving the public sector. Amstutz went from working at the U.S.D.A. to working for Cargill, the largest privately owned grain company in the world.

5. The official list of Codex delegates makes no distinction between Codex government officials and Codex industry observers. The token nongovernmental, nonindustry organization he cites, I.O.C.U., has not participated in Codex meetings in years. Although Crawford has the final vote, Codex Alimentarius Commission delegates have told me that there is a certain consensus that is reached before his final vote is taken. "We get very close to a collegial atmosphere," Crawford told a *Food and Chemical News* reporter in March, referring to the industry and government delegates on the commission. But it is only recently, under pressure from the E.P.A., that Crawford has considered allowing more consumer groups to participate in the collegial atmosphere of these meetings.

6. Crawford has in fact implemented a streamlining of cattle inspections, at the Canadian border, a move criticized in a July 6, 1990, G.A.O. report. He has repeatedly advocated similar U.S. meat inspection streamlining but has been blocked by consumer groups and Congress. The National Academy of Sciences has far from "blessed" his position—it has issued three warnings on the dangers of Crawford's plan. And in Congressional testimony on April 11, 1989, regarding proposed U.S.D.A. cutbacks in meat and poultry processing inspection, Representative Ted Weiss concluded: "The Department of Agriculture's discretionary inspection program [implemented in test sites all around the country, under Crawford's direction]

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EDITORIALS.

The War State

"We *hate* the war," a young mother, veteran of countless progressive political and cultural battles of the last decade, said after a few days of watching technocombat over Iraq. "But we're *into* the planes." She and her husband had marched against U.S. aid to El Salvador and for women's reproductive rights. Now settled in front of their TV, they admired with delicious excitement the wheeling and diving F-117As, A-6Es and FA-18s, the matchless Tornados, Apaches and Wild Weasels, the lumbering, deadly B-52s. "We don't think of them as weapons," the woman said, suddenly apologetic. "They're like new cars."

War changes everything. Great wars are fulminating social cataclysms that destroy old ways of life and create new ones, just as they topple governments and change political relationships. The Civil War re-created America in every manner imaginable. World War II was a fulcrum of civilization, altering everything from the role of women in this country to the character of colonialism in the world, from the ideology of progress (with the advent of the atom bomb) to the nature of humanity itself (with the realization of the Holocaust). And the changes were not entirely coincidental.

A state of war—a state *at* war—is directed at many enemies,

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not just the opposing target of record. This time, the warmakers have large sectors of the American public in the cross hairs. The culture spawned by the last great war, in Vietnam, has been particularly unsupportive of the national military project. A new pacifism, tinged with isolationism on one side and anti-imperialism on the other, has forced successive Commanders in Chief to restrict open aggressive action; indeed, the now-departed Reagan Doctrine, according to which proxy armies would fight for U.S. interests in the Third World, was a specific response to the post-Vietnam sensibility.

But the war state has also been challenged by deeper, less programmatic forces that have developed since the war of the 1960s. The shift of consciousness that can be seen in feminism and gay liberation, in environmentalism and "life style" movements, and in multiculturalism and the empowerment of nonwhite minorities, has been profoundly disturbing to the elites who seek to rule and impose social stability by the application of "traditional values"—of authority, profit, family hierarchy, moral rigidity and class domination.

For two decades a kind of domestic cold war, brutal but not usually bloody, has been waged by the powers that be against those new powers that would be. There have been wins and losses on all sides. The corporate campaign against unions and workers has gathered steam and success. White politicians' efforts to limit the assimilation of blacks into mainstream economic structures have redoubled in the Reagan-Bush years. Repression of liberated sexual culture is in full swing. Feminists are increasingly under attack and have been forced to moderate their demands and expectations. The left is floundering, weak and isolated.

The hot war must now be seen as an extension of the cold version, a battle to suppress and reverse consciousness as well as a campaign to eliminate challenges to the most powerful sectors of society. At this early stage, the strategy seems to be working as well as the missiles. For instance, a calculated, pervasive and almost unendurable machismo has drowned out feminist analysis and opposition to the war. Polls show a gender gap in support for military action in the gulf, but few feminist voices have got through the Super Bowl atmosphere. Some prominent women have written letters to newspapers decrying the oppression of their sisters in Kuwait and Saudi Arabia and proclaiming that women want to nurture rather than kill, but that's about the extent of it. Instead we get the media promoting their few glamorous anchorladies, who perform much as cheerleaders at football games. Diane Sawyer instructed an eager nation on the details of flying a fighter jet.

It's not so surprising, then, that the young woman and her husband delight in the technology while despising the war. The planes are meant to kill Arabs, but they do the "collateral damage" (the first catch phrase of the gulf campaign) of intimidating and enticing Americans into the war effort. The simple rules of cognitive dissonance, and the strategies of saturation advertising, decree that people cannot withstand carpet-bombing assaults on their consciousness, especially if hot emotional buttons—sex, cars, safety, revenge—are hit.

The second front of this war, against the domestic enemies of the warmakers, has opened via the mass media. *Newsweek* uses an image straight out of *Top Gun* for its first special issue after the invasion. The networks flatten the populace with pictures and descriptions of technological marvels. The White House and the Pentagon manipulate an all-too-compliant press corps and manage the news down to the briefest bite.

Neither war is over yet, and there are likely to be surprises and struggles on all fronts. Victory for the war state would include not only the destruction of Iraq but the imposition of a military culture in America, and neither goal is assured. It is important for all who occupy a space in "the opposition" to war and repression to understand that we are targets too.

Pax Americana II

Operation Desert Storm represents a major watershed in U.S. and world history. The cold war era, which ended with the tearing down of the Berlin wall, was characterized by U.S. supremacy in the military, economic and political spheres—Pax Americana I. The gulf conflict inaugurates a new era characterized by continuing U.S. military supremacy accompanied by neither economic nor political strength—Pax Americana II. The consequences of this lopsided posture, for both America and the world, will live with us for years to come.

The United States entered the post-World War II period with large reserves of oil and approximately half the world's total output of manufactured goods. Fortified by those abundant assets, U.S. leaders built up a large high-tech army and established military alliances with dozens of foreign nations. American influence was further enhanced by the overseas expansion of U.S.-based multinational corporations.

Pax Americana I started unraveling during the Vietnam War, when the costs of empire began to exceed the purported benefits. President Reagan attempted to restore American primacy through renewed military aggressiveness and heavy overseas borrowing, but the 1980s ended with Japan the most dynamic force in the world economy and Germany the most creative force in world politics.

The apparent decline in American power was deeply troubling to U.S. leaders, who feverishly sought a formula for the revitalization of American strength. These elites divided into two contending camps: those who favored a "geo-economic" approach based on enhanced U.S. competitiveness in world trade along the lines of the Japanese and West German models, and those who preferred a "geostrategic" approach based on continued U.S. military strength and dominion over the world's key resources, especially Middle East oil [see Klare, "Policing the Gulf—and the World," October 15, 1990]. With Operation Desert Shield, the geostrategists gained the upper hand in Washington and began laying the groundwork for the implementation of their long-term objectives.

Now that the United States has started military operations in the gulf, it is possible to discern the broad outlines of the emerging U.S. strategic design. Although President Bush refers continually to "the liberation of Kuwait," the U.S. plan has far broader objectives: to eliminate Iraq as a significant competitor for hegemony in the gulf; to make Kuwait, Saudi Arabia and the United Arab Emirates perma-

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itly dependent on U.S. military power for their external, d possibly internal, security; to force every local power, in-ding Israel, to consult Washington when undertaking po-cal, economic or military initiatives of any significance; and deter future challengers ("the next Saddam") from con-ting American hegemony over Middle East oilfields. More in this, Washington seeks to rein in Germany and Japan forcing them to rely on American troops to protect their deliveries—just as they were once forced to rely on U.S. clear arms ("the nuclear umbrella") to deter attack by the viet Union.

To secure those objectives at a time of declining economic rformance at home and growing political and ideological scord abroad, U.S. leaders will have to extract more and ore resources from American society. This will entail, first all, the appropriation of young men and women for mili-y service. When the all-volunteer forces collapse, as is und to happen should Operation Desert Storm give way to rmanent garrison duty in the Arabian deserts, the Penta-n will press for the reinstatement of the draft. To pay for ese overseas adventures, American citizens will bear a high-tax burden while receiving fewer essential services. Poor and derly Americans can expect diminished medical care, re-ced food assistance and a deteriorating housing supply.

Many Americans will resist these new demands and dep-vations. Protests will abound—and thus the other major nsequence of Pax Americana II: increased repression, jin-oism and intolerance at home. Those who question or op-ose overseas adventures will be branded as unpatriotic, or orse; draft evaders and tax resisters will be hunted down and nished. "Americanism" and traditional military values will extolled, while "alien" (i.e., non-European) traditions and soft" philosophies (i.e., feminism, gay liberation, pacifism) ill be subjected to censure and ridicule. We will become a rrison society, like the one George Orwell envisioned in *1984*.

The era of Pax Americana II has commenced. It could last nly a short time, if Operation Desert Storm ends in disas-r; otherwise it is likely to persist for years. Already we can nse the ambiance of this era in the media's infatuation with igh-tech weaponry, and in the gulf war movies, novels and ideo games now being rushed into production. Those who ppose this emerging praetorian culture have no choice but make antimilitarism the defining theme of progressive olitics in the 1990s.

MICHAEL T. KLARE

Michael T. Klare is Associate Professor of Peace and World Security Studies at Hampshire College.

Lincoln's Lesson

A few months ago, millions of Americans watched an arresting television series about the Civil War. Few viewers, it is safe to say, paused to consider the parallels between Abraham Lincoln's forcible estoration of the Union and Mikhail Gorbachev's response o secession today. Both leaders acted on the assumption hat, as Lincoln put it, "No state, upon its own mere motion, can lawfully get out of the Union." Neither believed that the way a state joined the nation in the first place affected that principle.

The Soviet Union's Baltic republics claim the right to secede in part because they were annexed in 1940 against the wishes of their citizens after more than two decades of independence. Some of the Confederate states had similar claims. Louisiana had been purchased from France with no attempt to ascertain the views of its French, Native American and African-American inhabitants. New Mexico territory—part of whose population sought to secede in 1861—had been seized by the United States after a brutal war of aggression against Mexico (which Lincoln condemned at the time).

Perhaps the closest parallel to Lithuania is Texas, which enjoyed independence between 1836 and 1845 (much nearer in time to secession than Lithuania today). It too had become part of the Union in a proceeding of dubious legality. Lacking the two-thirds majority necessary to approve a treaty of annexation, the Tyler Administration simply pushed a resolution through Congress declaring Texas to be part of the United States. Lincoln was sufficiently troubled by the Texas claim to independence to refute it in his first message to Congress. His argument (which would appeal to Gorbachev): When it became part of the Union, the Republic of Texas forfeited for all time any claim to independence.

None of this, of course, can justify the shooting of unarmed civilians by troops. And the principle of self-determination certainly deserves our respect. But the implementation of this

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★

THURSDAY NIGHT WAR

Miraculously, we at home could see
That first attack on Israel on TV—
Brave correspondents standing at the scene,
Interpreting what sounds we heard might mean,
Providing battle details all night long.
Of course, a lot of what they said was wrong:
That Tel Aviv was hit by poison gas,
That Israel's planes had gone to kick some ass.
It's known that war is chaos, not just hell.
Impressions that are instant rarely tell
Us much about what happened that is true.
That usually takes a longer point of view.
But now each network has and so employs
The satellite and other costly toys.
I don't suggest that we get rid of these.
Just keep in mind: They ain't Thucydides.

Calvin Trillin

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

On the eve of Desert Storm, George Herbert Walker Bush not only dismissed a multinational appeal, sponsored by the French government, for an international conference on the Middle East, he also ignored a letter sent to U.N. Secretary General Javier Pérez de Cuéllar by the leaders of Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia and the Russian Federation. That letter, issued on January 13 and entirely unreported in the United States as far as I can tell, asked for an international conference on the Baltic States. Vytautas Landsbergis, Boris Yeltsin and their colleagues then went on to ask Pérez de Cuéllar "to extend the deadline for U.N. Resolution No. 678 of November 29, 1990, relating to the Persian Gulf crisis." It closed with the words "We hope we will be understood." How could it be understood by a President who has become a monomaniac?

George Herbert Walker Bush prepared to carpet-bomb a country because he suddenly discovered it has a nuclear potential, and prepared to run the risk of hitting nuclear reactors, while simultaneously instructing his delegates to the international nuclear test ban conference to veto a proposed treaty that would prohibit further testing. But he is against "linkage."

George Herbert Walker Bush successfully offered Saudi money to the government of Syria in order to broaden his "coalition" and has shut up about Syria's partition of Lebanon. But he is against "linkage."

George Herbert Walker Bush unsuccessfully offered money to the government of Yemen in order to broaden his "coalition" and, having been rebuffed, has been silent on the forcible expulsion of the entire Yemeni labor force from Saudi Arabia. But he is against "linkage."

George Herbert Walker Bush received the decrepit oligarchs of Beijing and solicited their support for his "coalition" and, having been successful in this, abandoned even the residual reservations that he expressed at the throttling of China's democracy movement. But he is against "linkage."

George Herbert Walker Bush made opportunistic admonitions to the state of Israel, counting it out of his "coalition" for political purposes while counting it in for military and intelligence purposes. But he is against "linkage."

George Herbert Walker Bush sent his Secretary of State on a mendicant tour of the Persian Gulf seeking promissory notes from monarchs to cover his undischarged debts and pledging support to the monarchs in return. But he is against "linkage."

George Herbert Walker Bush canceled Egypt's multibillion dollar military debt in return for future arms sales and current support for his "coalition." But he is against "linkage."

George Herbert Walker Bush allowed the Saudi Arabian royal house to circumscribe the religious, political and civil liberties of American servicemen and women, and of American journalists, in return for a military understanding and a financial subsidy. But he is against "linkage."

Moreover:

George Herbert Walker Bush played the central part in a deal known as "the quid pro quo," whereby the armed forces and government of Honduras received aid and preferential treatment in return for a surreptitious policy of support for the *contras*. Yet, to him, "linkage" is a filthy word.

George Herbert Walker Bush sat in a Jerusalem hotel room with Amiram Nir, then head of Israeli "counterterrorism," and discussed the exchange of American heavy weapons for American hostages in the Middle East. But, to him, the concept of "linkage" is an alien one.

George Herbert Walker Bush was Director of Central Intelligence at a time when a covert action program exploiting the Kurdish rebels in northern Iraq was being wound up so as to oblige both the Shah of Iran and Saddam Hussein. But "linkage" strikes him as a dangerous novelty.

George Herbert Walker Bush scorned Congressional calls for sanctions against Iraq before August 2, 1990, on the ground that Iraq was a crucial customer for U.S. grain and weaponry. Yet he repudiates "linkage."

George Herbert Walker Bush sent a Thanksgiving message to Oliver North in 1985 commending him for his "dedication and tireless work with the hostage thing and with Central America." But the very notion of "linkage" makes him furrow his brow.

George Herbert Walker Bush waited less than fourteen weeks before recasting the "Desert Shield" expedition as the prelude to "Desert Storm." He made this change, and the concomitant doubling of forces, right after the election and without consulting Congress. Can this be explained by his evident distaste for "linkage"?

"Only connect," wrote E.M. Forster, giving an obvious but essential precept to the government of human and social and political affairs. "Only disconnect," snaps George Herbert Walker Bush, whose only hope lies in the atomization and dissociation of commonly affiliated ideas and comprehensions. Reared in the art of the deal and the ineffable practice of mutual gratification, and schooled in the horse-trading and back-scratching worlds of Nixon's CREEP and Langley, Virginia, he still pretends not to see what stares him in the face: that the modern Middle East is an agonizingly balanced nexus of crude and subtle linkages.

Well before Saddam Hussein's exorbitant move last August, the United States was officially committed to an overall settlement of the region's distress. And even if that commitment was usually verbal and cosmetic, it certainly included a careful weighing of the results of the previous gulf war (in which the Reagan-Bush administrations promiscuously armed both sides) and of the essential, central, defining question of Palestine. It also meant some solemn talk about the price of oil and the related, or, if you prefer, linked, question of America's energy policy.

Well, goodbye to all that. We are now right back to the brainless discourse of "face" and "credibility," the very discourse that impelled George Herbert Walker Bush to make some of the criminal and unconstitutional linkages cited above. In monitoring his transformation of a local dispute into a global confrontation, at hectic speed and with reckless disregard, we get a glimpse of the "face" in question and see the ghastly, vacant features of a weak king.

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ARTICLES.

TALKING WITH MANDELA

The Measure Of the Man

ARTHUR MILLER

What struck me strongly about Nelson Mandela in his American public appearances was the absence in him of any sign of bitterness. After twenty-seven and a half years with his nose against the bars he seemed uninterested in cursing out the whites who had put him there for the crime of demanding the vote in a country where his people outnumber their rulers by about six to one.

I suppose his rather majestic poise, unmarred by rancor, lowered white defensiveness to the point where reactionaries could join with liberals in applauding his speech to Congress. But such unanimous appreciation is bound to be suspect when an honest man can hardly please everyone with his views; after all, with all his charm and civility he was still the man who had organized the African National Congress's guerrilla force, for one thing.

Watching from a distance I had found him extraordinarily straightforward in his persistent refusal to pulverize his history to suit current American tastes, crediting Communists for being the first whites to befriend his movement, sometimes at the risk of their lives. Likewise, he criticized Israel and in the same breath reminded us that the overwhelming majority of his earliest supporters had been Jews.

In short, he allows himself to remain complicated; with a grandson named Gadafi (which was not his idea, however), he has written that the highest expression of democracy is the British House of Commons and the best legal system the American, with its written Bill of Rights. To me in our interview he would say that he had never joined the Communist Party. He did not add that he had never been a Marxist, but whether or not he thought he had been, I judge that he sees people in all their variety of character and deed in the foreground of events, rather than as shadowy creatures manipulated by forces, as a Marxist usually must.

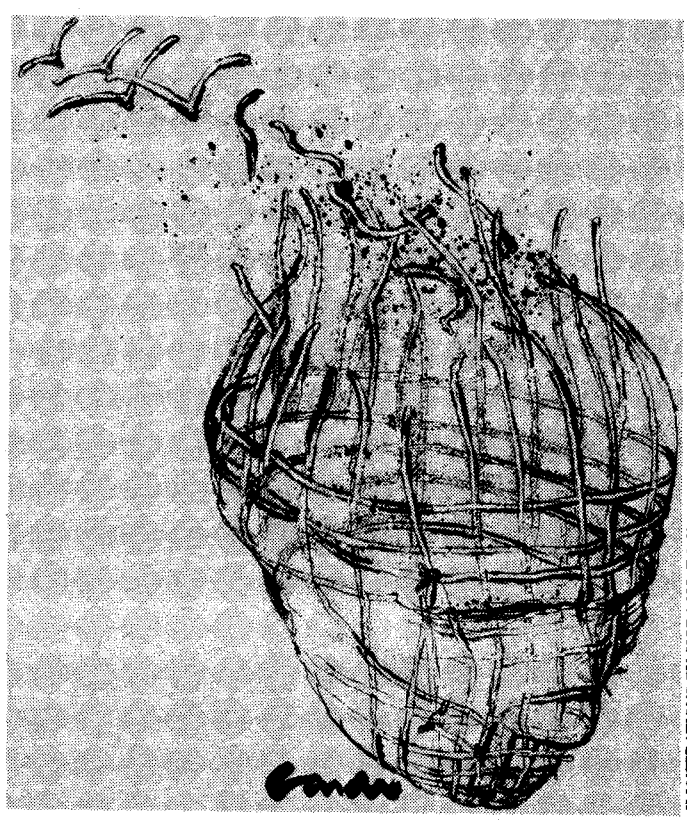
I agreed to a conversation with Mandela after much hesitation, lasting a couple of weeks. The whole thing had begun with a London phone call from one Beverly Marcus, through whose South African English I discerned that she had proposed to the BBC that they film Mandela and me talking about life rather than politics, and that Mandela was receptive to the idea because he had called a halt to any more interviews in which the same simple-minded questions would inevitably be asked.

Lacking a reporter's killer instinct or investigative techniques I was simply very curious about the roots of this man's unusual character. How does one manage to emerge from nearly three decades in prison with such hopefulness, such inner calm?

But my main impulse came out of my background in New York, a racially splintered city with more than 2,000 people murdered last year. It has next to no inspiring black leadership, and so Mandela's success or failure seemed far from an academic question for me. If he can lead his riven country into a multiracial democracy the ripples could rock New York, Chicago, Detroit—and London and Europe and Israel, where the most explosive social problem is ethnicity and its unmet, often incoherent demands.

South Africa was full of surprises, the first being the fact that Beverly Marcus's younger sister, Gill, is Nelson Mandela's veritable right hand and a spokesperson for the A.N.C., and that their father was his accountant. I suppose I should have felt my integrity put at risk by this news, but I had never had any intention of drawing and quartering Mandela. I sought only a pathway into his nature and that of his movement. Gill, with her inside knowledge of the movement and unabashed admissions of its amateurish failings, as well as of the constantly shifting so-called tribal conflict, turned out, in fact, to be of great help in my grasping this situation.

Cape Town and the Cape area, which Beverly suggested my wife, Inge Morath, and I visit for a few days to unwind from the fourteen-hour plane trip, is an unlikely place to begin preparing for a talk with a revolutionary leader, since it is as close to Beverly Hills and the California littoral as you can get without tripping over a movie studio. Balmy air, a lazy Atlantic



ILLUSTRATIONS BY HORACIO FIDEL CARDO

Arthur Miller's new play, The Ride Down Mt. Morgan, *will open in London in September.*

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surf lapping white beaches, swimming pools and very good fish restaurants—I felt myself beginning to sink into its lovely lethargy.

But then one climbs a dune a hundred yards across a beach road in Hought Bay that fronts some extremely lavish homes and their tennis courts—and from the dune's ridge one looks down into a squatter town of hundreds of cardboard and tin shacks thrown one against the other right up to the edge of the sea. Don't the rich who live nearby object? Not all do—some happily sell drinking water to the blacks here who have no supply of their own. But of course this shantytown will have to go, for the view of the sea is superb here and the sand as white as sugar, a piece of prime real estate that will not be denied its promise forever.

South Africa is unique. It has state socialism for the whites and fascism for the blacks.

One can drive around the Cape and Cape Town and indeed South Africa end to end without the slightest awareness that this sanitized prosperity involves only 5 million of its 30 million inhabitants. The famous South African schizophrenia is not hard to understand. To be sure, the back pages of the papers display ads for razor wire with which to surround one's home, and the walls surrounding most whites' homes show a metal sign reading "Instant Armed Response," and in many areas you are instructed not to stop at red lights at night lest your car be hijacked. But you quickly get used to this palpable fear, just as we have in New York, where as a child in Harlem I always carried my belongings with me to the blackboard or they'd be gone when I got back to my seat.

But South Africa is unique; it has state socialism for the whites—until very recent privatizations, 60 percent of all jobs were in state enterprises—and fascism for the blacks. Still, by the time we got back to Johannesburg after five days in the country I felt the place strange but comprehensible as merely one more kingdom of denial, unusual mainly for the immense proportion of its majority ghettoized and stripped of all civil rights.

Mandela's new house in the middle of Soweto has been criticized by some as one of Winnie Mandela's ostentations, standing as it does in the midst of the Soweto slum. Actually, donations built it. And there is a scattering of other quite good middle-class homes in the midst of the squalor, since the few successful middle-class blacks have been barred from white areas along with the poor. It is all part of a hopeless muddle of a modern technological state trying to sustain the most primitive, chest-pounding, Nazi master-race dogmas. So surrealism looms at every turn—a B.M.W. dealership, black-owned, stands at the center of Soweto, a glass cube showroom exploding beams of white light toward houses yards away that have neither water nor sewers and whose occupants are no doubt unemployed and probably illiterate.

From the outside the Mandela house seems less elaborate than odd, a large chesty configuration of obliquely angular brick walls, an impromptu sort of construction until one is inside and realizes that it is a kind of fortress, its vulnerable dining and living rooms with their glass doors protected by a deep brick veranda extending outward some thirty feet. One drives into a receiving yard surrounded, as with so many other homes in this scared country, by a high wall with a steel, electronically controlled sliding door. And the doors of the main rooms are double-hinged to support a steel inner gate painted a discreet ivory to match the walls. Presumably these are barriers to an invading force.

Mandela's daughter, Zindzi, came into the living room pursuing her 3-year-old son, both of them handsome, round-faced and no doubt accustomed to crowds of strangers in the place. Our crew was stringing its cables out; Gill Marcus was already on the phone; the floors and walls seemed covered with gifts, trophies and bric-a-brac; and now Winnie was here, explaining that she would not be eating with us because Nelson kept watching her calories and she liked to eat what she liked. Whereupon Mandela appeared, making a round gesture with both hands referring to her weight and saying "Africa!", both of them laughing while she bent to lift her rampaging grandson, whom she handed to a nurse. Even in his quick glances at her one saw his overwhelming love for his still-young wife, and she clearly basked in it. But her indictment in a murder case and impending trial seemed to hang in the air despite her tired jocularity.

Mandela was not wearing one of his formal London suits but a collarless short-sleeved African blouse with a gold-embroidered yoke—a chief's blouse, it looked to me. Gill hoped he would relax with me, and after a while he did come quite close. But he is by nature a formal, conservative man who in a peaceful country would have been chief justice of its Supreme Court or perhaps the head of a large law firm. My first question to him—after we had walked out on his veranda and looked down at Soweto, the dumping ground for human beings—was how he had been raised.

At first he sat pressed against the back of his couch, somewhat on guard, having been cornered by interviewers who find it impossible to believe that he simply means what he says. He was the son of a chief, and one could see how serious it was to be a chief's son; he had been taught early on that he would have the responsibilities of governing and judging. Even now he straightened a bit as he told with pride how, when he was 10 and his father died, an uncle had taken over his education and his life. "My father occupied a position equivalent to that of prime minister in the tribe. . . . To me as a child the Transkei was the center of the entire world. . . . The missionaries tried to destroy the belief in custom and they created the perception that we have no history or culture." And with an amused grin: "When the 1939 war began we felt we were loyal subjects of the British monarch. That was the atmosphere in which we were brought up."

"And what went on inside you when the missionaries told you you had no history?"

"I'm not so sure I knew that I had a history." And later, "I must confess that Africa remained a dark continent in that

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I knew very little about it and I knew better about Europe, especially Britain."

This meticulous specificity, and his staid, almost Victorian structure of speech and demeanor suddenly had a root and expressed an innate authority which no doubt helped to keep him together through his prison decades. Mandela, to put it simply, *is* a chief.

And this may help explain why it has been so difficult for him to deign to confer with Mangosuthu Buthelezi of the Zulus, who have recently been on the attack against the A.N.C. Xhosa people. Buthelezi, it is felt, helped to justify apartheid by accepting the headship of a concocted homeland where his people were dumped. It is the equivalent of a French Maquisard guerrilla accepting political equality with a Vichy collaborator; there is not only a moral issue but his pride. Nevertheless, when Mandela did appear at a recent press conference with Buthelezi, the latter's people so threatened him that he was forced to leave the area.

The tribe, he insists, is basically an extended family. And in modern times there is no "natural" conflict between tribes, which are largely urbanized now, living side by side and intermarrying, joining the same unions and attending the same schools. It was the British and then the apartheid government that had always tried to tribalize Africa, pitting one against the other, setting up so-called homelands, newly founded territories that had never existed before. "There is one Africa and there will be one," Mandela said, creating a ball with his two hands.

The present conflict is "simply a conflict between two political organizations," a conflict that has failed to make headway in Soweto, as one example, because Soweto is more politically sophisticated rather than because the people are mainly Xhosa. "But when Zulus attack they never ask whether you are Zulu or something else, like the recent attack on people in the train, who do not sit according to tribes. They attack anyone."

And who would be interested in orchestrating these attacks?

He pauses before his answer, which goes to the heart of his hopes. "My belief is that Mr. De Klerk wants South Africa to take a new direction, and it is therefore difficult . . . to say that the government itself is orchestrating this violence."

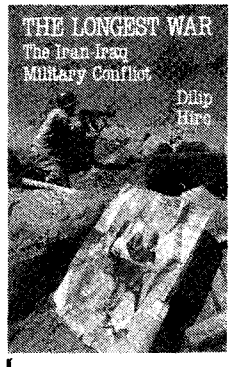
De Klerk still has Mandela's confidence, it seems, but the miasma remains dense and impenetrable where some of his government's lower officials are concerned. Last July Mandela's people had gotten information that an Inkatha (Buthelezi's political organization) attack on a township was being planned and had notified the police and higher officials. The attack came off, thirty were murdered, and the police did nothing to prevent it. "I immediately went to see De Klerk. . . . Why were they allowed to enter the township when we told you beforehand that this attack was coming? . . . Mr. De Klerk is a very smart man, a strong leader. He was unable to give me an answer." However, on the day of Mandela's visit to the scene of the slaughter De Klerk personally sent four helicopters and 500 police to protect him. And besides, "When you discuss with Mr. De Klerk he seems to have a genuine sense of shock, unlike others."

And finally, "They have either lost control over certain

THE LONGEST WAR

The Iran-Iraq Military Conflict

By **Dilip Hiro**



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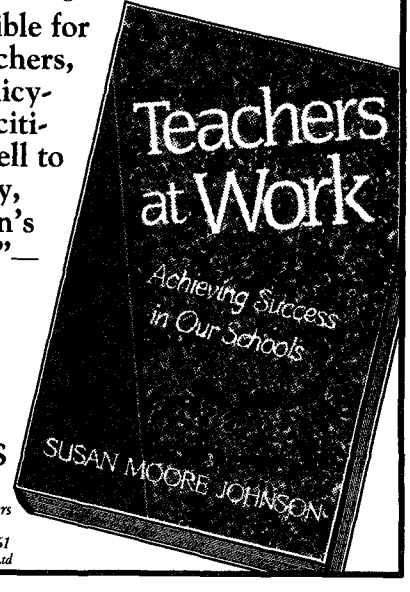

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elements of their security forces or those elements are doing precisely what the government wants. . . . They want to negotiate with a weakened A.N.C. . . . You are not dealing with tribal people from the countryside but people who are sophisticated in the use of weapons, who know how to move very swiftly with military precision. . . . There are efforts now to start the Renamo movement in South Africa." (Renamo was the Rhodesian-organized mercenary outfit that murdered thousands in Mozambique.)

I turned to a discussion of his prison time. He and his comrades had originally been assured by a prison officer that they'd be out in five years because the world was so outraged by their life sentences. But five years came and went. Winnie could visit only twice a year; his children were growing up with no father. Here his face showed pain at his inability to protect his family—the helplessness desecrated his chiefly role.

Government harassment of Winnie was driving her out of one job after another until "there were certain moments when I wondered whether I had taken the correct decision of getting committed to the struggle. But at the end of these hesitations with myself I would feel that I had taken the right decision. . . . The certainty of our final victory was always there. Of course I sometimes became very angry when I thought about the persecution of my wife and that I could not give her the support she needed. I felt powerless. And also my children were hounded out of one school after another."

His vulnerability was plain here, but over it his hardness flared. This was as close as he was able to come to acknowledging what must have been the loss of hope for release before he died; instead he preferred to find something positive to emphasize. When the world began to forget him and all black movements were suppressed, the government restated that a life sentence meant life, "but in the English universities they came all-out to oppose these harsh measures. . . . People tend to forget the contribution that was made by the National Union of South African Students, which was a white organization."

This was not an opportune, upbeat recollection but his ultimate vision of a nonracial South Africa. I am convinced it is more than a tactic to recognize the absolute future need for whites who have advanced education and business prowess. It was striking how he never seemed to categorize people by race or even class, and that he spontaneously tended to cite good men even among the enemy.

"That came from my prison experience. It gets very cold on Robben Island and we had no underwear. Some warders went strictly by regulations—you were allowed two blankets. But another warder would slip you an extra one. I made some good friends among the warders; some of them visit me now."

In fact, toward the end of his imprisonment he ran "Mandela University" on Robben Island, and white warders were among his pupils. But there wasn't time to talk about this. We'd scheduled two sessions and at the last minute had to settle for one because he had to rush off to deal with the murders going on all over the place and the government's inability—or unwillingness—to keep order.

On the way back to Johannesburg that night, Gill Marcus pressed the driver on no account to stop at red lights and to drive as fast as possible through the darkness. □

CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE?

The Death of a 'Strong Deaf'

JUDITH TREESBERG

On November 9, 1990, student activist Carl DuPree was killed by campus security officers at Gallaudet University, where my daughter is a student. Every day since, I have scanned the morning paper and the evening news, waiting for an outcry that has not come. The underlying issues go undiscussed, and all the mechanisms that led to Carl's senseless death remain in place. The student movement that shut the campus down less than three years ago, demanding a deaf president for Gallaudet, is fragmented and uncertain. "We don't know what to do," says my daughter. "We are all in shock."

Like Carl, my daughter is Deaf. At 19, she is one of the 500,000 or so Americans who define themselves by the use of American Sign Language and their affiliation with the Deaf community. Like 90 percent of the parents of deaf children and more than 80 percent of their teachers, I am hearing. For half my daughter's life, I sought out the advice of those educators as well as doctors, audiologists and speech pathologists and diligently practiced the drills they recommended. Then, in the summer of her 10th year, we met other Deaf people for the first time, and in a circle of signing strangers I glimpsed the adult she would grow up to be.

Since the beginning of history, Deaf people have gathered into adult communities and devised visual languages as well as strategies for coping in a world where they are vastly outnumbered. Until recently, the hearing majority, including their birth families, has stubbornly refused to recognize the authenticity of either their language or their experience. Nevertheless, a growing worldwide movement has actively begun to challenge medical models of deafness and call for recognition of Deaf people as a distinct linguistic and cultural minority. When I look at my daughter now, it is the only description that makes sense to me.

We moved from our small Midwestern town to Washington, D.C., home of Gallaudet University, the world's premier institution of learning for the Deaf. Expecting the best in deaf education, I was stunned by what we found. Instead of a school run for the benefit of the Deaf student body, I discovered that Gallaudet is occupied territory, a small island overrun by hearing, speaking teachers and administrators who have neither desire nor incentive to learn the language or cul-

Judith Treesberg is completing a book about deaf children in hearing families. She is the editor of "TBC News" for The Center for Bicultural Studies, a resource center for American Sign Language and American Deaf culture located in Riverdale, Maryland. In the Deaf community, it is standard practice to differentiate between culturally identified (D)eaf and audiologically (d)eaf persons and institutions.

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ture of the Deaf community. In the Precollege Programs at Kendall Demonstration Elementary School and Model Secondary School for the Deaf, bright children were falling behind, and failure was blamed on everything but the fact that their teachers could neither use nor understand their language. Deaf students from kindergarten through college endure endless hours in the classroom with hearing teachers who cannot sign or who sign poorly. Students survive by their wits, by constructing elaborate self-help strategies and by bonding in a fierce, impenetrable loyalty.

I couldn't bear it. I took my daughter out of deaf school and enrolled her in a small private school in Maryland with a progressive curriculum. She graduated from the eighth grade with honors, but she was the only Deaf. (That is how she put it: "I am the only Deaf." In many Native American languages, the name of the tribe is also the word for people or friend. In my daughter's lexicon, Deaf is another word for family.) I have tried to put the memories of those nightmare years behind me, but they returned full force when I heard the news that Carl DuPree, one of the family, had died just inside the door of the Ely Student Center.

Carl DuPree was deeply committed to making life better for all Deaf people.

Because Deaf people depend on visual patterns, not sound, for communication, they require a visual language to fulfill their linguistic potential and to explore the full range of their thoughts and feelings. By the time my daughter reached high school, I could see that her English skills, which so impressed everyone, were limiting her to predigested information. She was learning by rote, in isolation, without the opportunity to test her knowledge and expand her mind in the give-and-take of a fluent exchange of ideas. Because I wanted for her, more than anything, the opportunity for free inquiry, I sent her back to Gallaudet. Like many generations of Deaf students before her, she would learn the language she was born to from friends and Deaf dormitory staff. And I began to study it as well.

It did not come easily. Learning a new language as an adult is difficult. Learning American Sign Language, which is so foreign to my physiology and my expertise, proved to be almost impossible. My daughter's Deaf eyes drank in the simultaneous modulations of hand shape and movement, facial grammar and eye gaze that are functional parts of a visual language. I could hardly see them, even when they were pointed out to me. Furthermore, I had to learn that a full and complete language, like A.S.L. or English, is inextricably bound up with identity, history and culture. Mother and daughter, yes, but I was as hearing as she was Deaf.

"You think you're so open-minded; well you're not," is the charge my daughter hurled at me at the height of our struggle to learn to live with the bitter legacy of oppression that haunts even the closest Deaf-hearing relationships. I had nc map but love to keep me going on this painful journey, unti finally I came round to see our separate worlds through he eyes. What was revelation to me was old news to Deaf peopl like Carl DuPree.

The fact is that even after thirty years of linguistic and socia science documentation, the news that signed languages ar complete and equal to spoken languages has not yet trickle past the gatekeepers who wield the power in deaf educatio in America. By contrast, in 1981 the Swedish Parliament offi cially recognized Swedish Sign Language and designated i the language of instruction for Deaf people. Deaf preschool ers from hearing families acquire Swedish Sign Language i day care centers and enter the classroom with a whole lan guage and a broad base of common knowledge. They go on t learn other subjects, including written Swedish as a second lan guage, with success. Oliver Sacks, in his book *Seeing Voices* pointed out the physiological and anatomical shiftings anc reorganizations that take place in the brain to accommodat visual rather than auditory sensory inputs. He proposes tha the indispensable factor for development of intellect is "inne speech," not words; it is "that ceaseless stream and genera tion of meaning that constitutes the individual mind." Isn' that the same as the intuitive knowledge that Deaf people hav always tried to explain, and that Carl DuPree fought for?

At his death, Carl DuPree was a 41-year-old father of four His parents, his wife's parents, his wife and two of their youn children as well as others in both their families for generation are Deaf. "Strong Deaf," a student called him, meaning tha Carl was deeply committed to making life better for all Dea people. Last spring Carl joined the student leaders of a two year-old protest against English department regulations a Gallaudet and led a boycott of the English 50 exam. Carl and the other protesters knew very well the importance of English language skills; they also understood the politics and economics that mandate the discriminatory policies that keep those test scores low.

English 50 is a remedial course for undergraduates who fail the English placement test required of all incoming students. At the end of the semester, they retake the placement exam, which is supposed to test composition, reading, vocabulary and grammar. If they cannot pass after four tries, they are asked to withdraw from the university. (No equivalent sign language requirements exist for Gallaudet faculty. New teachers, who frequently are unable to converse beyond basic phrases in American Sign Language, have little to offer frustrated students, and even tenured professors are rarely fluent bilinguals.) Furthermore, the test score received at the end of the course determines the student's maximum grade. A teacher can lower a student's grade based on interaction over a semester, but no amount of effort or improvement can make a positive difference.

Carl went to the English department on November 9 to protest his English 50 grade. Although he had earned a C on the exam, his final grade had been lowered to a D in a disciplinary action. A bitter argument erupted with no hope of resolution. When security guards were called, Carl left and headed toward Ely center, where his wife and two of their chil-

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dren were waiting. He was halted by campus security as he entered the building. They blocked his path and tried to order him to leave campus. "I'm going to meet my wife," Carl signed once or twice and then just waved them away, knowing that real communication was impossible.

"We tease them all the time," my daughter tells me about the Department of Safety and Security. So I can imagine the security officers patrolling the campus and never knowing for sure what is being said to them or about them. I can imagine their helplessness and their fury when these hearing officers with only a few signs tried to stop a Deaf man who kept going. I see how they grabbed him, reverting to the sorriest of all options, force.

Carl "resisted and a struggle ensued," according to a university spokesperson quoted in *The Washington Post*, which means that five or more security officers wrestled to the ground one man they could not communicate with and cuffed his hands behind him. They "restrained" him, ignoring his anguished screams that even some of the Deaf students who witnessed the event could hear, holding on until his legs stopped flailing. The university announced that Carl's death was due to an "apparent heart attack" and clung to that story throughout the weekend, but the medical examiner's autopsy report states clearly that Carl DuPree died of asphyxiation caused by neck compression, which broke a bone in his throat.

The *Post* also reports that minimum requirements for hiring at the Department of Safety and Security include three years of previous law-enforcement experience. I have called around, but there does not seem to be a place where a Deaf person can get law-enforcement training, much less a job to gain experience at it. After a seven-week orientation program, officers are required to take two sign-language classes in their first year of employment. No foreign-language speaker with two semesters of English would qualify for a police position on a hearing campus, but at Gallaudet, officers with comparable experience investigate suicide attempts and interview rape victims. Who makes these rules? Not the Deaf, who never take communication for granted. It must be the same people who make the rules in the English department. They are fooling themselves, just as hearing people have always been able to up to now because they are so many and Deaf people are so few.

"Communication breakdown" is the term used to describe any misunderstanding between Deaf and hearing, and even after the success of the protest for a deaf president at Gallaudet there is still the implicit understanding that responsibility for communication belongs to the Deaf. My daughter's friend repeats herself several times when signing a question in class. (This young woman happens to speak clearly, but many Deaf do not.) Exasperated, the teacher snaps, "Use your voice. How do you expect to get along in the hearing world?" Long after the event, my daughter's friend signs angrily, "I wish I had told her, 'This is a Deaf school. We sign here.' "

Ten years ago, at a symposium on Black English and the Education of Black Children and Youth, James Baldwin charged, "The brutal truth is that the bulk of the white people in America never had any interest in educating black people, except as this could serve white purposes. It is not the black child's language that is in question, it is not his language that is despised: It is his experience. A child cannot be taught by anyone who despises him, and a child cannot afford to be fooled. A child cannot be taught by anyone whose demand, essentially, is that the child repudiate his experience, and all that gives him sustenance, and enter a limbo in which he will no longer be black, and in which he knows that he can never become white." I substitute Deaf and hearing for black and white in my mind, but Deaf youth live it. They don't know that control of language is a common technique for internalizing oppression in the minds of colonized people.

My daughter says many of the students are confused. They think Carl must have done something wrong. They say they wish he had cooperated with security. They don't understand how this could happen with a deaf president. A group of student leaders meet with the new Deaf provost and try to trust that he will not betray them. I have no such trust.

In synchronistic irony, Gallaudet has recently mailed out a new fundraising appeal. On the envelope and across the front of the brochure are several frames of a young woman signing. "Only one University speaks my language," reads the caption. For now it is only lip service, but perhaps not for much longer. The Washington police officer I spoke to assured me that a grand jury would be convened. "Really?" I asked him again and again. "Are you sure?" "Of course." He sounded impatient. "I thought Gallaudet could cover up anything," I explained. He sighed. "A lot of people are afraid to come forward," he said. "They're afraid of Gallaudet. It's a terrible thing."

A terrible thing happened, and we are all afraid. We are afraid that if we say too little, nothing will be done, and if we say too much, Congress will vote away our funding and we will lose the opportunity to make Gallaudet what it could be. But

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we are also learning that we must speak out in spite of fear, in spite of the risks and even in spite of the most terrible consequences. Carl's death is a tragedy for his family and a great loss to the Deaf community, but his life illuminated, for anyone who is willing to see, the struggle of Deaf people for the right to define their language and their culture. □

AIDS—THE NEXT ACTS

Empowerment or Co-optation?

ANNE-CHRISTINE D'ADESKY

In what is being termed the second stage of the AIDS movement, activists have literally taken the seat of power next to scientists and manufacturers to determine the future of AIDS treatments. This historic step occurred recently in Washington, D.C., when some 100 activists from around the country participated in previously closed meetings of the AIDS Clinical Trial Group (A.C.T.G.), the government's system that develops and tests promising antiviral and other agents against the human immunodeficiency virus (HIV) and AIDS-related infections.

That move represents several firsts for U.S. biomedical research: It is the first time people with a disease have been given an official forum to voice their opinion on a potential treatment prior to its actual development; the first time nonscientists with a political agenda have sat as voting members with power to question scientists on their data; the first time the federal government has publicly demonstrated what activist groups like ACT UP have been saying all along, that people with AIDS (P.W.A.s) know better than anybody else what they need in terms of treatment. "This is an important victory, not just for those of us working in AIDS but for American science in general," said Steve Walsh, a biochemist, regarding the A.C.T.G. meeting. "It's amazing that it's happening."

The meeting heralds a significant breakthrough in the move toward patient empowerment that parallels the drive for national health care in this country. In preparation for the government session, ACT UP/New York sponsored a national conference on AIDS treatments in November that drew more than 250 activists from at least a dozen cities to discuss the latest trends in research and to debate political strategy.

Termed ATAC (AIDS Treatment Activists Coalition), the conference included a meeting between front-line AIDS activists and CAN-ACT, a nascent political advocacy group of cancer survivors that is modeling itself after ACT UP to demand better cancer treatments. Both groups have been pushing the government to speed up testing and release of certain experimental drugs like the immune booster Interleukin-2 and the protein interferon that show promise in treating AIDS and cancer. In the near future, these organizations plan to form a broader coalition of activist patients who face a range of life-threatening diseases.

Cancer survivors have been inspired by ACT UP's ability to force changes at the Food and Drug Administration that have resulted in novel mechanisms for faster access to promising, unapproved drugs. Both the F.D.A.'s Parallel Track and Treatment IND (Investigational New Drug) offer AIDS patients who are very ill an unusual way to get such drugs. Even bureaucrats who complain about the militant tactics of groups like ACT UP now give activists the lion's share of credit for the creation and adoption of these innovative programs. Today, cancer activists are eyeing the National Cancer Institute, a bastion of red tape like the F.D.A., and are hoping to effect similar changes in its sluggish drug-approval process. "You can see how what's happening in AIDS applies to diseases like syphilis and other STDs [sexually transmitted diseases] as well," said Betsy Lenke of ACT UP/NY. "What's so exciting is to see what kinds of coalitions will come out of it."

The ATAC conference was organized by the Treatment and Data Committee of ACT UP/NY, a group that, up to now, has led the way in negotiating with government bureaucrats. In a dozen workshops, activists evaluated the status of experimental drugs and shared ideas about how to modify further the present U.S. drug-delivery system to make it more responsive to the needs of people with AIDS. Science, not politics or direct action, was the primary focus of the conference, with fiery debate on such questions as what other standards besides death might be used to evaluate a drug's toxicity in a clinical trial.

So while black leather jackets and militant T-shirts remain ACT UP's fashion statement, the conference showed the less glamorous side of AIDS activism as P.W.A.s, some of them quite ill, hunkered down next to interested scientists to compare notes. In addition to producing a trenchant analysis of the pitfalls of the A.C.T.G. system and other bureaucracies, activists have scoured the medical literature and used their own bodies as the testing ground to find the answers they need. In the process they have become what ACT UP founder Larry Kramer called "our own experts on AIDS."

Yet even Kramer, as he congratulated his fellow activists for being "the most unlikely goddamned heroes," sounded a warning note. "We must remain hopeful but skeptical," he told them, regarding the government's new apparent open-door policy toward AIDS activists. "We must remember, we are not their friends, and they are not our friends."

Up to now, that distinction has been the basis for ACT UP's militant critique of what it calls the government's "murderous" inaction on AIDS. But today, as the lines between expert and non-expert grow more blurred, and as more activists move into positions of power on government committees, there are people within the AIDS movement who worry about co-optation. At the ATAC conference, activists complained that the agenda put forth by the treatment committee of ACT UP/NY overemphasized learning about the A.C.T.G. system and each new drug. Women and activists of color in particular termed the agenda "a white, male, hetero-

Anne-christine d'Adesky has covered AIDS since 1985 and is a consultant to the Women and AIDS Resource Network (WARN).

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sexist" model for AIDS treatments that neglected equally pressing issues facing women (including lesbians), drug users and the poor, such as primary health care and benefit programs like Medicaid and Social Security.

Joe Franco, a Chicano P.W.A. with ACT UP/NY, argued that homelessness, chemical dependency and mental illness were often more urgent issues to disfranchised P.W.A.s than getting into a clinical trial. ACT UP's treatment demands were too narrow, he said, and he urged members to "learn the meaning and process of building coalitions" with other communities hard-hit by AIDS. Franco was joined by women in the movement who say that health issues relevant to women with AIDS remain invisible. "Let's put it this way," said Linda Meredith of ACT UP/DC. "It's hard to talk about treatment when you don't think there is a problem."

A good example is oral thrush, which, in people with HIV, is considered by the Centers for Disease Control to be a predictor for development of AIDS-related opportunistic infections (such as esophageal candidiasis), based on studies done primarily on men. While women with AIDS can get oral thrush, they more commonly suffer from recurrent vaginal candidiasis, or chronic yeast infections (now being called vaginal thrush by activists). Yet the C.D.C. refuse to list vaginal candidiasis as a warning sign of HIV infection in women, claiming the clinical evidence gathered to date by doctors treating women is inconclusive.

Women activists disagree. "Women with AIDS are often diagnosed late, when they're very sick and when it's going to be harder to treat them, because the white male doctors refuse to believe it's AIDS," said Maxine Wolfe, a longtime member of ACT UP/NY and a veteran of the feminist health movement. "What's happening to women with AIDS is the oldest story in the book. Women don't exist when it comes to the medical establishment."

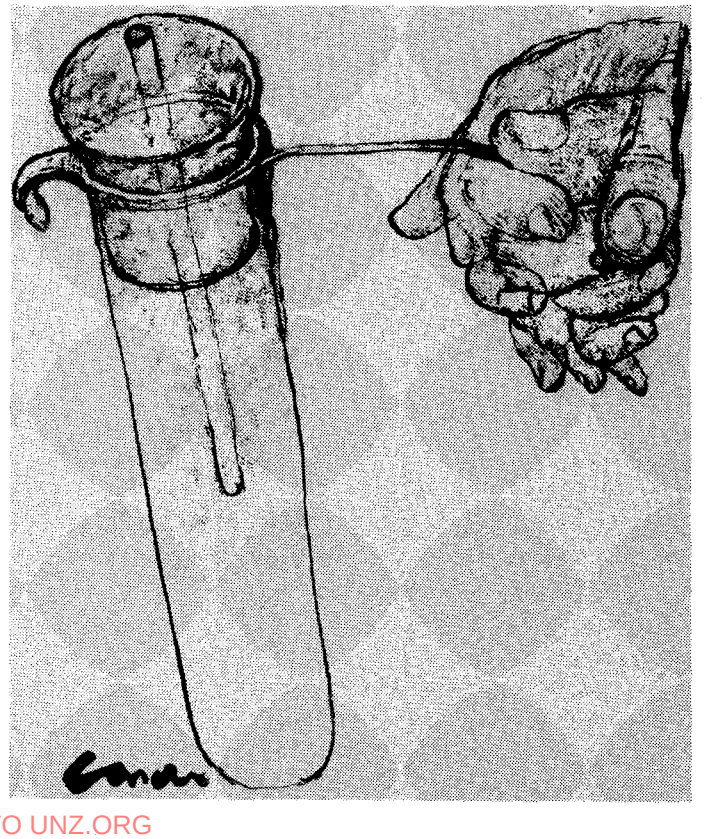
A spring 1990 report by the New York–based AIDS Treatment Resources, a watchdog organization that monitors patient enrollment in federal AIDS clinical trials, showed that women are also being indirectly denied access to experimental drugs. The A.T.R. study indicated that, nationally, symptomatic women made up 5 percent of patients enrolled in the A.C.T.G. trials. Despite a mounting campaign by ACT UP activists, including women with AIDS, there is only one trial aimed specifically at women—and that is to study transmission of HIV to the fetus. Activists have been successful in persuading government scientists to drop pregnancy as an exclusion criterion for most A.C.T.G. trials, but the biases remain. For now, the realities of poverty and the need for child care and other support services remain hurdles for women that have yet to be adequately addressed by the architects of the A.C.T.G. trial system.

Nor is the membership of ACT UP in complete agreement about how many issues they are ready to tackle. Even strong feminists like Wolfe caution against broadening the AIDS treatment agenda to cover what she calls "every single women's issue." "A lot of women I see coming into ACT UP now want to work on women's issues, and I think that's great," she explains. "But I'm here because people are dying, including my gay white male friends like Vito [Russo]. I want to make sure we keep the emphasis on AIDS and AIDS activism. I just think there are enough other women out there working on these other women's issues."

Wolfe, like Franco, points to coalition building as a central challenge facing the AIDS movement, particularly in the present climate of war, recession and escalation of AIDS among blacks and Latinos. Activists at the ATAC conference cited a number of ominous signs that indicate AIDS has fallen even lower on the Bush Administration's list of national priorities. These include the disastrous cutbacks in AIDS funding, most notably the Congressional gutting of the AIDS CARE bill that was initially designed to provide emergency relief to P.W.A.s and pay for home care costs. Instead of the expected $875 million it first authorized, Congress allocated only a quarter of that amount. The result has been a scramble for funds among nonprofit AIDS service programs, layoffs and a reduction of overall services to P.W.A.s at a time when just the opposite is badly needed.

Another bit of bad news was President Bush's pocket veto last fall of an amendment to the 1983 Orphan Drug Act that had been overwhelmingly endorsed by Congress. The bill, which proponents hope to re-introduce this year, would give drug companies incentives like tax shelters to develop drugs, such as those used in AIDS, that are considered not widely marketable. While there is good reason to believe the bill will be passed this year, most activists do not feel such measures will make a difference to those who are already ill.

"My pessimism is that it becomes clearer and clearer that money that up to now has been hostage to the cold war and could go to human needs isn't going to," said Jim Eigo, a key brain behind the Parallel Track initiative. "At this point, when we have approximately 150,000 AIDS cases and 1,500,000 probably infected, there is no will in Congress. AIDS isn't get-



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ting special funding, cities are broke and we're not going to get that peace dividend."

For these reasons, activists are now forced to take an even harder look at their strategy for winning the AIDS war. There are the critical questions of choosing battles and tactics, whether to tackle the mysteries of science or organize more demonstrations, whether to keep a more narrow focus on reforming the health agencies or broaden the treatment agenda to cover issues like housing and food. Most important, how can P.W.A.s get more Americans to join them in their fight?

There are obviously no easy answers, and there is plenty of disagreement. But an impressive commitment still appears to unite rather than divide activists. "The bottom line here is survival," concludes P.W.A. Franco, "and in order to survive we know we have to change. My biggest concern is not whether we're going to work inside or outside [the system], because we have to do both. It's about the people we need to include in our process—the women, the people of color, the chemically dependent. If we're going to change and win, then our fight is to change the government system and the activist system at the same time." □

Ignorant Armies

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

destruction of Beirut). Few commentators have questioned the disproportion of 10,000-plus air sorties against a country roughly the size of California, or explained why a week into the war Iraq's air force, artillery, Scuds and major armored force still stand, or even how radio and television still work. That no one asks about the effect and placement of B-52 carpet bombing—a mass murder technique—is doubtless a psy-war achievement, but it is not a credit to the independent press.

It is curious, but profoundly symptomatic of the present conflict, that the one word that should be tediously pronounced and repronounced and yet left unanalyzed is "linkage," an ugly solecism that could have been invented only in late twentieth-century America. "Linkage" means not that there is but that there is no connection. Things that belong together by common association, sense, geography, history, are sundered, left apart for convenience' sake and for the benefit of U.S. imperial strategists. Everyone his own carver, Jonathan Swift said. That the Middle East is linked by all sorts of ties, *that* is irrelevant. That Arabs might see a connection between Saddam in Kuwait and Israel in Lebanon, that too is futile. That U.S. policy itself is the linkage, this is a forbidden topic to broach.

Never in my experience have nouns designating the Arab world or its components been so bandied about: Saddam Hussein, Kuwait, Islam, fundamentalism. Never have they had so strangely abstract and diminished a meaning, and rarely does any regard or care seem to accompany them, even though the United States is not at war with all the Arabs but very well might be, except for its pathetic clients such as Mubarak of Egypt and the various gulf rulers.

In all the mainstream debate here since August 2, much the smallest component in the discussion has been Arab. During the Congressional hearings that went on for two weeks in December, no significant Arab-American voice was heard. In Congress and in the press, "linkages" of all kinds went unexamined. Little was done to report oil-company profits, or the fact that the surge in gasoline prices had nothing to do with supply, which remained plentiful. The Iraqi case against Kuwait, or even the nature of Kuwait itself, liberal in some ways, illiberal in others, received next to no hearing; the point would not have been to exculpate Saddam but to perceive the longstanding complicity and hypocrisy of the gulf states, the United States and Europe during the Iran-Iraq war. Efforts were made to grapple with Arab popular rallying to Saddam, despite the unattractive qualities of his rule, but these efforts were not integrated into, or allowed equal time with, the distortions in American Middle East policy. The central media failing has been an unquestioning acceptance of American power: its right to ignore dozens of United Nations resolutions on Palestine (or even to refuse to pay its U.N. dues), to attack Panama, Grenada, Libya, and also to proclaim the absolute morality of its gulf position.

From prewar television reports of the crisis I cannot recall a single guest or program that raised the issue of what right "we" had to get Iraq out of Kuwait; nor any exploration of the enormous human, social and economic costs *to the Arabs* of an American strike. Yet on January 7, I heard a well-known "Middle East expert" say on TV that "war is the easy part; what to do afterward?" as if "we" might, in an afterthought, get around to picking up the pieces and rearranging the area. At the farthest extreme have been the unmistakably racist prescriptions of William Safire and A.M. Rosenthal of *The New York Times* as well as Fouad Ajami of CBS, who have routinely urged the most unrestrained military attacks against Iraq. The underlying fantasy strongly resembles the Israeli paradigm for dealing with the Arabs: Bomb them, humiliate them, lie about them.

From the beginning, when Arabs have appeared on television they have been the merest tokens: a journalist or two eager to show Arab failings and weaknesses (which were real and had to be pointed out); the Saudi or Kuwaiti Ambassador, more enthusiastic about war than most Americans; the Iraqi Ambassador, who defended the Husseinian view of the world with cautious amiability; the tiny group of Arab-Americans like myself whose position was neither with Iraq nor with the U.S.-Saudi coalition. Once, in the fifteen seconds I was given, when I began to elucidate an argument about the relationship between Iraqi aggression and American imperialism, I was cut off abruptly: "Yes, yes, we know all that."

Seen from the Arab point of view, the picture of America is just as constricted. There is still hardly any literature in Arabic that portrays Americans; the most interesting exception is Abdel Rahman Munif's massive trilogy *Cities of Salt*, but his books are banned in several countries, and his native Saudi Arabia has stripped him of his citizenship. To my knowledge there is still no institute or major academic department in

Edward W. Said is the Old Dominion Foundation Professor in the Humanities at Columbia University.

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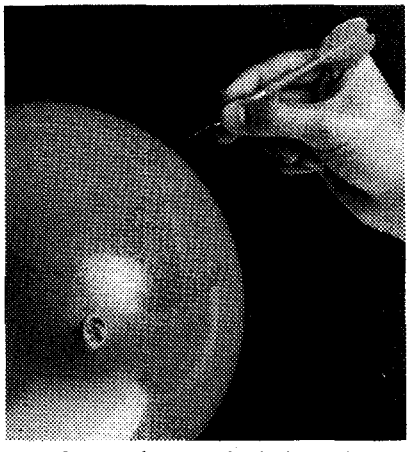

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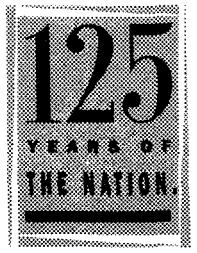

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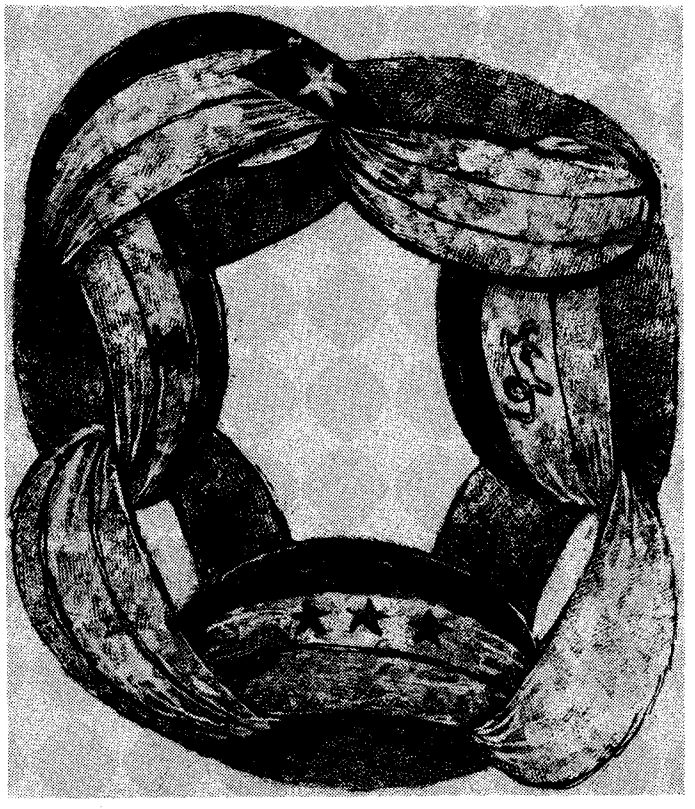
the Arab world whose main purpose is the study of America, although the United States is by far the largest outside force in the Arab world. It is still difficult to explain even to well-educated and experienced fellow Arabs that U.S. foreign policy is not in fact run by the C.I.A., or a conspiracy, or a shadowy network of key "contacts." Many Arabs I know believe the United States plans virtually every event of significance in the Middle East, including, in one mind-boggling suggestion made to me last year, the *intifada*!

This mix of long familiarity, hostility and ignorance pertains to both sides of a complex, variously uneven and quite old cultural encounter now engaging in very unmetaphorical warfare. From early on there has been an overriding sense of inevitability, as if George Bush's apparent need to get down there and, in his own sporty argot, "kick ass" *had* to run up against Saddam Hussein's monstrous aggressiveness, now vindicating the Arab need to confront, talk back to, stand unblinkingly before the United States. The public rhetoric, in other words, is simply undeterred, uncomplicated by any considerations of detail, realism or cause and effect.

Perhaps the central unanalyzed link between the United States and the Arabs in this conflict is nationalism. The world can no longer afford so heady a mixture of patriotism, relative solipsism, social authority, unchecked aggressiveness and defensiveness toward others. Today the United States, triumphalist internationally, seems in a febrile way anxious to prove that it is Number One, perhaps to offset the recession; the endemic problems posed by the cities, poverty, health, education, production; and the Euro-Japanese challenge. On the other side, the Middle East is saturated with a sense that Arab nationalism is all-important, but also that it is an aggrieved and unfulfilled nationalism, beset with conspiracies, enemies both internal and external, obstacles to overcome for which no price is too high. This was especially true of the cultural framework in which I grew up. It is still true today, with the important difference that this nationalism has resolved itself into smaller and smaller units. In the colonial period as I was growing up, you could travel overland from Lebanon and Syria through Palestine to Egypt and points west. That is now impossible. Each country places formidable obstacles at its borders. For Palestinians, crossing is a horrible experience, since countries that make the loudest noises in support of Palestine treat Palestinians the worst.



Here, too, linkage comes last in the Arab setting. I do not want to suggest that the past was better; it wasn't. But it was more healthily interlinked, so to speak. People actually lived with each other, rather than denying each other from across fortified frontiers. In schools you could encounter Arabs from everywhere, Muslims and Christians, plus Armenians, Jews, Greeks, Italians, Indians and Iranians all mixed up, all under one or another colonial regime, interacting as if it were natural to do so. Today the state nationalisms have a tendency to fracture. Lebanon and Israel are perfect examples of what has happened. Apartheid of one form or another is present nearly everywhere as a group feeling if not as a practice, and it is subsidized by the state with its bureaucracies and secret police organizations. Rulers are clans, families and closed circles of aging oligarchs, almost mythologically immune to change.

Moreover, the attempt to homogenize and isolate populations has required colossal sacrifices. In most parts of the Arab world, civil society has been swallowed up by political society. One of the great achievements of the early postwar Arab nationalist governments was mass literacy; in countries such as Egypt the results were dramatic. Yet the combination of accelerated literacy and tub-thumping ideology, which was undoubtedly necessary at some point, has proved far too long-standing. My impression is that there is more effort spent in bolstering the idea that to be Syrian, Iraqi, Egyptian, Saudi, etc. is a quite sufficiently important end, rather than in thinking critically, perhaps even audaciously, about the national program itself. Identity, always identity, over and above knowing about others.

Because of this lopsided state of affairs, militarism assumed too privileged a place in the Arab world's moral economy. Much of it goes back to the sense of being unjustly treated, for which Palestine was not only a metaphor but a reality. But was the only answer military force—huge armies, brassy slogans, bloody promises and, alas, a long series of concrete instances, starting with wars and working down to such things as physical punishment and menacing gestures? I speak superficially and even irresponsibly here, since I cannot have all the facts. But I do not know a single Arab who would disagree with these impressions in private, or who would not readily agree that the monopoly on coercion given the state has almost completely eliminated democracy in the Arab world, introduced immense hostility between rulers and ruled, placed a much higher value on conformity, opportunism, flattery and getting along than on risking new ideas, criticism or dissent.

Taken far enough this produces an exterminism common to the Arabs and the United States, the notion that if something displeases you it is possible simply to blot it out. I do

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not doubt that this notion is behind Iraq's aggression against Kuwait. What sort of muddled and anachronistic idea of Bismarckian "integration" is this that wipes out an entire country and smashes its society with "Arab unity" as its goal? The most disheartening thing is that so many people, many of them victims of exactly the same brutal logic, appear to have identified with Iraq and not Kuwait. Even if one grants that Kuwaitis were unpopular (does one have to be popular not to be exterminated?) and even if Iraq claims to champion Palestine in standing up to Israel and the United States, surely the very idea that nations should be obliterated along the way is a murderous proposition, unfit for a great civilization like ours.

We need political mechanisms to get a cease-fire and send everyone—including Palestinians—home.

Then there is oil. While it brought development and prosperity to some, wherever it was associated with an atmosphere of violence, ideological refinement and political defensiveness, it created more rifts than it healed. It may be easy for someone like myself to say these things from a distance, but for anyone who cares about the Arab world, who thinks of it as possessing a plausible sort of internal cohesion, the general air of mediocrity and corruption that hangs over a part of the globe that is limitlessly wealthy, superbly endowed culturally and historically, and loaded with gifted individuals is a great puzzle, and of course a disappointment. We all *do* ask ourselves why we haven't done more of what other peoples have done—liberate ourselves, modernize, make a distinctive positive mark on the world. Where is excellence? How is it rewarded? There are first-rate novelists, poets, essayists, historians, yet all of them are not only unacknowledged legislators, they have been hounded into alienated opposition. For an author today to write is perforce to be careful, not to anger Syria or the Islamic authorities or a gulf potentate or two.

What seems intellectually required now is the development of a combination discourse, one side of which is concretely critical and addresses the real power situation inside the Arab world, and another side that is mainly about affection, sympathy, association (rather than antagonism, resentment, harsh fundamentalism, vindictiveness). Many of the Arab thinkers of what the historian Albert Hourani calls the liberal age, the late eighteenth to the early twentieth century, were reformers eager to catch up with developments in the West. We've had too much since then of thinkers who want to start from scratch and zealously, not to say furiously, take things back to some pure, sacred origin. This has given all sorts of pathologies time and space enough to take hold in the middle distance, now, with their structures left unscrutinized, while intellectuals go off looking for what *would* have been better, what *would* have been just, and so on. We need to know what it is about the present that we should hold on to, and how. What is just, why is it just, why should we hold on to it? We need odes not to blood and mythology or uprooted, mourned or dead plants but to living creatures and actual situations. As the novelist Elias Khoury says, we need a language that allows one to write neither of a discredited past nor of an immensely distant future.

The supreme irony is that we Arabs are *of* this world, hooked into dependency and consumerism, cultural vassalage and technological secondariness, without much volition on our part. The time has come where we cannot simply accuse the West of Orientalism and racism—I realize that I am particularly vulnerable on this point—and go on doing little about providing an alternative. If our work isn't in the Western media often enough, for example, or isn't known well by Western writers and scholars, a good part of the blame lies with us. Hassanein Heykal, the great Egyptian journalist, has proposed a broadly focused pan-Arab cooperation authority for such things as development, coordinated industry, agriculture and the like. But we should also devote energy to an intellectual coordination effort that opens lines of communication among Arabs internally and externally with the rest of the world. The idea of equal dialogue, and rightful responsibility, needs to be pressed. The provincial and self-pitying posture that argues that a largely fictional and monolithic West disdains us ought to be replaced with the discovery that there are many Wests, some antagonistic, some not, with which to do business, and the choice of whom to talk to and how depends greatly on us. The converse is equally true, that there are many Arabs for Westerners and others to talk to. Only in this way, I think, will imperial America not be our only interlocutor.

If as Arabs we say correctly that we are different from the West, as well as different from its image of the Arabs, we have to be persuasive on this point. That takes a lot of work, and cannot be accomplished by a resort to clichés or myths. George Bush's idea that a new world order has to flow from an American baton is as unacceptable as the idea that Arabs can muster a big army led by a big tough hero and at last win a few wars. That is dangerous nonsense. Americans, Arabs, Europeans, Africans—everyone—need to reorient education so that central to common awareness is not a paranoid sense of who is top or best but a map of this now tiny planet, its resources and environment nearly worn out, its inhabitants' demands for better lives nearly out of control. The competitive, coercive guidelines that have prevailed are simply no good anymore. To argue and persuade rather than to boast, preach and destroy, *that* is the change to be made.

The war will be catastrophic and only distort the Arab world further. And there will be enough residual problems to start up another confrontation in the Middle East in a matter of seconds. We should be looking for political mechanisms with the Europeans and the nonaligned that would get a cease-fire and send everyone—including Palestinians—home. It is good to be reminded of that phrase by Aimé Césaire which C.L.R. James, that great champion of liberation, liked to quote: "No race possesses the monopoly of beauty, of intelligence, of force, and there is a place for all at the rendezvous of victory." This may be utopian idealism, but as a way to think about an alternative to conflicts that go from cultural hostility to full-scale war, it is both more inventive and practical than shooting off missiles. □

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EDITORIALS.

(*Continued From Page 149*)

principle is rather more complicated than our political pundits make out. It does not tell us who decides claims to nationhood or how.

An interesting article by Ronald Suny in the November/December 1990 *New Left Review* suggests how the current crisis in the Soviet Union reflects the failure of Soviet nationality policy. That policy began with the laudable goal of recognizing self-determination in ethnic political units while at the same time creating an overarching loyalty to the Soviet Union. The policy's unexpected result, however, was greatly to strengthen nationalism in the republics, while the fate of minorities within those political units became extremely problematic.

Every Soviet republic now demanding independence has significant populations of other ethnic groups. And respect for minority rights has never been a prominent feature of nationalist movements. When I visited Estonia last year, a local nationalist told me that the first step after independence would be to expel "illegal aliens"—by which he meant any non-Estonian who had come to live in the region since 1940.

What is the proper unit for self-determination? What happens to residents who want to remain part of the larger union? Do portions of seceding republics themselves have the right to secede? The Confederate States of America, although born in secession, insisted they did not, violently suppressing East Tennessee's desire to remain within the Union and treating the pro-Union Germans of Texas with extreme brutality. West Virginia was able to secede from Virginia only because the Union Army occupied the region. When I visited Tbilisi, I asked whether the "autonomous regions" of non-Georgians within the republic could secede, if they so desired, after independence. No, came the emphatic reply, "They are all part of Georgia."

It is possible that Lithuania will eventually win its independence but only through a process that does not threaten the dismemberment of the Soviet Union—something no leader of a powerful nation can be expected to allow. (Gorbachev has, in fact, offered such a process in a law on secession enacted last year, but Lithuania's leaders have refused to budge from the position that they can assume independence on their own.)

The Civil War was a central step in the consolidation of national authority in the United States. The Union, Lincoln passionately believed, was a permanent government, and secession by even one state would set in motion an uncontrollable process that would fatally weaken the ties among those that remained. "Plainly," he said in his first inaugural address, "the central idea of secession, is the essence of anarchy." Gorbachev would surely agree. ERIC FONER

Eric Foner is DeWitt Clinton Professor of History at Columbia University.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Long Goodbye

GEORGE BLACK

CUBA: A Journey. *By Jacobo Timerman. Knopf. 125 pp. $18.95.*

The Argentine journalist Jacobo Timerman went to Cuba in the summer of 1987. The account of that trip (or "journey," a word that gives the enterprise a rather weightier ring) has now appeared in the form of a slim volume, which at this point is almost archeological in its value as a description of the present condition of Cuba.

Three years is a long time in politics—especially these three years. Long after Timerman had departed, and as the Eastern European dominoes started to totter, a piece of gallows humor began to circulate in Havana, supposed apocryphally to have originated with Fidel Castro himself. If the world keeps going on its present course, the joke went, they'll be calling us the Albania of the Caribbean. This joke has now presumably been revised, since the last Stalinist bunker in Eastern Europe has just legalized its first opposition party and has promised elections later this year.

Timerman, who sees himself as a supporter of Cuban independence and an outspoken critic of U.S. policy toward the island, thinks Castro has now reached the end of the road. In this he is hardly alone. But being a romantic (not altogether unlike the Cuban leader, in fact), he is less interested in finding the reasons for Cuba's crisis in economic or world-historical circumstances than in the fact that the logic of the revolution itself runs *à rebours*—against the grain of normal human behavior. The essential problem, he writes, "continues to be the limitations imposed by the impenetrable glass dome on Cubans' lives, their energies, their innermost human nature." He's convinced that when people are forced to live like this, the glass dome over them will shatter—inevitably and suddenly. The only questions are when and how, from a rupture at the top or a groundswell at the bottom.

It's wearisome at this stage to have to repeat that many of the analogies between Cuba and the fallen regimes of Eastern and Central Europe are unfounded—that one has been an expression, whatever one thought of it, of nationalist independence, while the others were the tools of a foreign power, exposed as hollow shells the moment the promise of support by the Red Army was withdrawn. Yet at the same time, it seems perverse to deny that Cuban nationalism has walked for many years with a pronounced limp, in part as the result of having been attached in the 1960s to the wooden leg of Marxist-Leninist bureaucratic orthodoxy.

At the descriptive level, Timerman is accurate enough in his portrayal of some of the characteristic features of such a regime. The inefficiencies of the economy, the failures of the distribution system, the sloth and the featherbedding that one encounters in Cuban industry are similar to what one could find in a culture as radically distinct as, say, Czechoslovakia's. The desire to create a "New Man," liberated from the vices of capitalism, was never much more than a cynical charade in the Soviet Union's European satellites. Cuba's impetuous and romantic style bred more impressive examples of selfless conduct, but one-party rule has also produced its customary quota of time-servers and opportunists and bigots, who proliferate in government offices and in the Committees for the Defense of the Revolution.

The Cuban *nomenklatura*, much like its former Eastern European counterparts, thrives on its privileges and hypocrisies. Anyone who's been treated to lunch by party officials in one of the penthouse dining rooms of Havana's giant Focsa building, for example, attended by obsequious waiters and sommeliers in monkey suits, could be forgiven for thinking they had walked into some bizarre re-enactment of the scene in *The Godfather Part II* in which Hyman Roth and Michael Corleone sit on the hotel roof eating birthday cake and carving up the Havana casino concessions.

Worse than this, Cuban Communism also rationalizes its repression of dissent with the same cretinous quasi-legal babble that prosecutors used to lock away Vaclav Havel or to pack Andrei Sakharov off to Gorki. Not that Cuban dissent has yet produced dissident figures of comparable stature, but honorable men and women are still in jail, or hounded by mobs in so-called *actos de repudio* for their thought-crimes.

Timerman devotes considerable space, and with good cause, to the case of Elizardo Sánchez, who heads the Cuban Commission for Human Rights and National Reconciliation. (The name of his group, carefully chosen, has made him anathema to the dominant right wing of the Miami exile community, which considers him a traitor or a useful fool.) Sánchez was allowed to speak freely to the foreign press for a while in 1987-88 and even, unprecedentedly, given permission to travel to the United States with a guaranteed right of re-entry to Cuba. In 1989, however, he made the mistake of telling a group of Western reporters that he felt legal norms had been abused in the recently concluded trial and execution of the former military hero, Gen. Arnaldo Ochoa. Sánchez, a man with a hangdog sense of humor about revolutionary legality, no doubt found some amusement in the language of Article 115 of the Cuban Constitution, under which he was indicted and convicted: "Whosoever diffuses false news with the purpose of disturbing international peace, or to endanger the credit and prestige of the Cuban state" can be jailed for a period of one to four years. (Sánchez got two.)

Thus far, I admit to sharing most of Timerman's distaste for the uglier aspects of Castroism. But his insistence on fitting everything under that glass dome of his becomes an obsession. Take sex, for example. Timerman is greatly fascinated by the prostitutes who work the streets around his Vedado hotel but don't exist in official propaganda. So he takes off with one of them to a squalid love hotel in old Havana, to document how life under the glass dome drives Cubans to such despairing extremes. In its own unconscious way, this passage is actually very funny. It has something of the high-toned prurience of that great old British scandal sheet *News of the World*, in the days when its reporters enlivened Sunday breakfast with their tales of country vicars living off immoral earnings. Like those reporters, Timerman maneuvers himself, for research purposes, into a juicily compromising situation. Then, like them, he declines the woman's offer of a good time. "Naturally I was shocked," the *News of the World* stories always ended, "so I made my excuses and left." Timerman beats a similar retreat, muttering about the glass dome.

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Ego and preconceptions also shape his reporting on an outing to the beach. One of his journalistic tics, it appears, is to draw people into conversation by toying with a Star of David on his bare chest (Timerman is a fervent Zionist). But in Cuba, imagine what happens: Nothing! Nobody says a word! Timerman concludes that this is further evidence of the glass-dome effect. "Cubans are verbally immobilized. Frozen." By Timerman's curious behavior, one suspects.

In fact there is a much simpler explanation for the conduct of the sex workers and the sun worshipers, but it involves a more nuanced reading of Cuban totalitarianism than Timerman will allow. Granted, as he says, there is nothing here that remotely resembles a functional civil society: little or no creative space for intellectuals, and no chance for citizens to organize political or economic activity independent of the state. On the other hand, "joyless"—the first word one would apply to life (both private and public) in Eastern Europe—is the last word you'd use to describe Cuba.

One can think of the Cuban Communist Party as having acted a little like the Catholic Church in Guatemala: If there are deeply ingrained modes of behavior that run counter to orthodoxy but don't actually challenge established authority, why fight them? The Guatemalan church, encountering the animistic rituals of the Maya, opted to live and let live: If the Indians of Zunil, for example, want to dress a tailor's dummy in a tuxedo, pour *aguardiente* down its throat and call it San Simón, the bishops will happily persuade themselves that the dummy is really one of the twelve disciples. In rather the same way, under Cuban Communism the rituals of *santería* thrive, as do music and dance and an extrovert eroticism that Timerman can't bring himself to ignore.

This is partly why Cubans were always out of place when they were transplanted to the inhospitable soils of the East. On a recent trip to Czechoslovakia, my wife and I tracked down a Cuban in a dreary apartment block on the outskirts of Prague. He was the only one left in the building, as it turned out; a dozen more had flown back to Havana that very morning. Oscar was a 25-year-old painter of propane gas tanks. Here he was, in his single plywood barracks room with his pregnant girlfriend, Eva, a gypsy crane operator from the same factory. Although she had never been to the island, she spoke the purest Cuban slang, most of it devoted to cursing Fidel, who she hoped would finish his days at the end of a rope or in front of a firing squad like that guy in Romania. These tirades caused Oscar to shift uncomfortably in his seat—but not because he was a model internationalist, or even a good Communist. Indeed, he was entirely without politics. He was simply a *Gastarbeiter*, there, like any Turk in Germany, for the remittances. He brought out a shoebox full of bank receipts to show that he'd tucked away 12,000 pesos in his Havana bank account, more than he could have hoped to save in ten years at home. Now he didn't know what would happen to those savings: For love of Eva, he planned to stay in Prague, evading President Havel's effort to repatriate Cuban workers.

Cuba finds itself stuck at the end of the long cul-de-sac of the cold war.

Eva had decorated their bleak plywood room with photos torn from cooking magazines. Oscar had just two books on the shelf; one was *El Largo Adios*—Raymond Chandler in Spanish. The other was a well-thumbed collection of the speeches of Fidel Castro. Above the narrow cot, a photograph of the Cuban leader stared down paternally. For Oscar, Castro was evidently something more than the interminable haranguing speeches. To this most apolitical of Cubans, born six years after the revolution, Fidel was the beaches and the sunshine and the rhythm of the *son* as well as the Marxist-Leninist dogma. He incarnated the idea of Cuba, of home—and for reasons that Timerman doesn't begin to understand.

Yet I have to agree with Timerman that the end of the Cuban revolution is probably at hand—even though my reasoning could not be more different. Timerman absolutely declines to blame external economic factors. "I refused to accept the Cubans' concept of being fenced in or blockaded," he says. "Cuba was not fenced in or blockaded; its channels of communication to other countries were all open." But this is sentimental nonsense; he appears not to have a clue how blockades or markets operate—where small countries get their oil, who buys sugar and how much they pay for it, who gives the World Bank and the I.M.F. their cues, what it means to have a nonconvertible currency.

If the Cuban revolution is doomed, it's because the international system of guarantees that sustained it has all but collapsed. Cuba finds itself stuck at the end of a long cul-de-sac, down which it was led by the cold war. From the Spanish-American War of 1898 to the overthrow of Batista in 1959, the United States treated the island at various times as a greenhouse, an outhouse and a whorehouse. Then, over the nine years that ended with Castro's reluctant endorsement of the 1968 Warsaw Pact invasion of Czechoslovakia, a deal was hammered out that laid down the terms of Cuba's survival outside the magnetic pull of the U.S.-dominated world economy. Cuba would join the socialist bloc. It would have its own local version of a command economy, based on the fatal decision to maintain the dominance of King Sugar, harnessing it to the interests of socialism rather than of the *yanquis*. That arrangement made sense only as part of a functioning global system, and the Cuban economy is now just one small stranded piece in a jigsaw puzzle that no longer exists. Politically, Cuba would replicate classic Soviet-style institutions built around a single vanguard party—with Moscow making some grudging allowance for the quirks of Castro's charisma. It is with these institutions, forged for a different era, that Cuba must now navigate its survival course.

Whichever way the present political struggle in the Soviet Union is resolved, there is little disagreement in Moscow that the global contest between socialism and capitalism is over. Little sympathy remains for Cuba, except perhaps among some in the security establishment. Cuban-Soviet relations are not seen as part of a more just world order but rather—as Washington has always said—as a system of artificial subsidies designed to prop up an ideologically congenial regime for reasons of imperial self-interest. If there is a debate in Moscow, it is between the "liberals" who see Cuba as an undeserving money pit and the Gorbachev forces who want a new, "realistic" relationship that subordinates Cuba's needs to the self-interest of the Soviet economy—just as Soviet leaders have always done, in fact. (The paradox is, of course, that Soviet self-interest may dictate that Castro is let down gradually, since Cuban sugar and citrus fruit are very helpful to a regime facing a food crisis.)

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The new Cuban-Soviet relationship began officially on January 1, 1991, since which all trade has been conducted in hard currency. United States officials estimate, with relish, that this will cost Cuba between $1.5 billion and $2.5 billion annually. Seventy percent of Cuba's trade is with the Soviet Union. Until last year another 15 percent was with the other members of the virtually defunct Council for Mutual Economic Assistance, but new trade contracts with Eastern Europe were suspended last March. The economy simply cannot function without Soviet assistance: Moscow provides Cuba with 60 percent of its fertilizer, 80 percent of its steel, 94 percent of its grain and 100 percent of its oil. The Soviets also used to send Cuba oil in excess of its domestic needs, which could then be resold on the world market. This has now stopped. According to a newsletter published last year by *The Economist*, the revenues from these surplus oil sales dropped from $621 million in 1985 to zero in 1989.

Any regime forced into survival mode has only two options: Reduce expenditures and increase revenues. As far as austerity goes, the news is familiar. A stream of hostile press reports, of the Ceausescu-of-the-Caribbean school, has told of Cuban farmers breeding rats to eat, of horse-drawn carts replacing Havana delivery trucks, even of a Pol Pot–like emptying of the cities. Castro has announced a "Special Period in a Time of Peace," in which all new spending will be halted on schools, child-care centers and health clinics—the proudest gains of the revolution. (If the poor majority of any other Latin American country but Costa Rica or Uruguay had comparable access to such things, one should never tire of repeating, they would think they'd died and gone to heaven.)

To generate new income, Cuba has only three avenues. One is to find new trading partners, of whom there are few (one of the more morbid symptoms of the survivalist mentality was the recent inauguration of a Cuban-Chinese Friendship Society, with plans to boost trade with the butchers of Beijing to $500 million a year). The second is through Cuba's stellar advances in biotechnology, an industry whose privileged status has allowed it to defy all the torpid norms that prevail in the rest of the command economy; Brazil alone bought $100 million worth of Cuban vaccines in 1989. The third is to entice tourists to Cuba's beaches, although the island, with its inadequate service sector, is unlikely to compete with the bargain-basement vacations available in Jamaica or the Dominican Republic.

The Cuban Communist Party is due to hold its Fourth Congress later this year, and has preceded it with a call for wide-ranging national debate. But the call was met with bewilderment. What are we allowed to criticize? people asked. Any internal reform process faces a double bind: On the one hand, the characteristic inhibition of debate bred by rigid Leninist structures; on the other, the independently paralyzing effects of the one-man leadership style that has set Cuba apart from most of the socialist bloc, summed up in the poisonous slogan *Comandante en Jefe, Ordene!* (Commander in Chief, Give the Order!). How does one encourage proposals for reform when people are unaccustomed to thinking for themselves, where unity has come to mean unanimity?

The signals are, to put it mildly, confusing. The congress calls for perfecting and purifying the party and proposes to slough off the alien model imposed by Moscow. Yet the figure of Lenin is exalted in Havana even as his statues tumble

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across Europe. Castro himself makes an increasing virtue of the end of trade with the Soviet bloc. In one furious speech last March, after the closure of a Hungarian bus factory, he lashed out at Cuba's former suppliers, accusing them of "selling us junk that nobody was buying, only us." Perfectly true, of course. But aren't those the same Hungarian buses that had been eulogized in earlier four-hour speeches, along with the East German machine tools and the Russian trucks and the Bulgarian canned vegetables, as the exemplary products of proletarian internationalism?

Reform will certainly not move in the direction of a market economy, which to Cuba means the cesspit of Miami. The process of "rectification," launched in 1986, put an end to a limited set of market reforms. Now, Castro says, in a speech that Timerman quotes, "we must correct the errors we made in correcting our errors." It's hard not to sympathize with Timerman's exasperated feeling that any reform process in Cuba, as long as it excludes reform of the one-party system and the socialist economy, is doomed to disappear into the labyrinth of its own self-purification.

If it is really over for Castro, how sorry should we be? The question probably sounds heretical, but I mean it seriously. To see Cuba—either as it is now or as it can be imaginatively projected—as a vehicle for the cause of Third World independence is probably as futile as to look for the future of socialism in the remnants of the "actually existing" version. Indeed, it may always have been an illusion to see the future made flesh in a regime born of the economic and ideological debris of Spanish colonialism, U.S. neocolonialism and the cold war.

Latin America's need to break free of the death grip of capitalism has never been more pressing. But an alternative must work, and it must inspire emulation. Cuba's power to inspire has now been reduced to a posture of defiant survival that appeals only to a Latin American cult of martyrdom that has deep roots but destructive consequences. To justify his intransigence, Castro has taken to invoking the Spanish blood that runs in his veins, as if the legacy of the conquistador and the *caudillo* were any more likely to light the way forward than the exhausted formulas imposed by the Kremlin.

The left as much as the right likes history to move in straight lines, with definitive settlements. But as Timerman says in the closing line of his book, "What happens next remains a frightening unknown." The end of the Cuban revolution, if and when it comes, will be one of the most sickening chapters in an era of defeats: Think of it as the Nicaraguan election rolled into Reagan's Liberty Weekend. But if we are ever to take a longer view of history, it may be a necessary rite of passage. The new alternative paradigm for Latin America is likely to come from quarters as unexpected today as Cuba was in 1958. Its seeds may be visible in the liberation theology of *père* Aristide in Haiti; or in the guerrillas-turned-parliamentarians of Colombia's M-19, who have just broken the chokehold of that country's liberal-conservative oligarchy; or in the non-Leninist currents among Central American revolutionaries; or in the unwieldy but open mass-front politics of Mexican *cardenismo* or the Brazilian Workers Party. But it won't come from Castro's Cuba, which is the crippled offspring of the cold war. It is time we swallowed that unpalatable fact, both those of us who grew distant from Cuba's excesses and those of us who remained faithful *fidelistas* to the end. □

Meet the Ruling Class

LENNI BRENNER

THE RICHEST PEOPLE IN AMERICA: THE FORBES 400. *By Harold Seneker with Dolores Lataniotis. 398 pp. $5.*

There are plenty of business lists, but only the *Forbes 400* issue commands the attention of a broad public. Although it has been published only since 1982, its title, automatically linking it to Ward McAllister's "400" New Yorkers who were Society in 1888, conjures up images of the robber barons. The continued existence of this grotesquely rich stratum, described in the latest annual (cover date October 22, 1990), tells us we have some unfinished business: finally ending the gilded age.

The poorest of the present 400 is worth a tad over $260 million. Sixty-six are billionaires. Of these, twenty are worth more than $2 billion. The richest is German-born John Werner Kluge, owner of Metromedia, with $5.6 billion. The average listee is 64 years old. One hundred and eighty-three inherited their fortunes. With the exception of Estée Lauder (with two sons worth $1.6 billion), who started her famous cosmetics firm, the sixty-two women have their money through marriage or family inheritance.

All are white. John Johnson, publisher of *Ebony* and owner of a cosmetics firm, is the country's wealthiest black. He was on the list with $185 million until 1986. Berry Gordy of Motown records was on in 1986 with $180 million, but was subsequently dropped when researchers concluded that they had overestimated his funds. The country's richest Latino is Puerto Rican Joseph Unanue of Goya Foods. The company turned down a $100 million buyout offer in 1983. Richard Rainwater, with $350 million, is the son of a Lebanese-Cherokee father; he is the nearest thing to a minority person on the 1990 list. The rum Bacardis, based in Puerto Rico and Miami but originally Spanish and then Cuban, are on a supplementary roster of families whose money is so divided that no individual qualifies for the main list. Five hundred family members share $800 million.

So? Is capitalism good for the Jews? We direct descendants of the Hebrew prophets are 2.5 percent of the Ameican people. But by my count twenty of the sixty-six billionaires and at least 110 of the entire 400 appear to be Jewish.

They lie who say America has no aristocracy. No fewer than thirty families have more than one member on the 400 list. There are sixteen Du Ponts, twelve Mellons, six Waltons, six Dorrances, six MacMillans, five Gettys, four Basses, four Millikens, four Marses. Only three individual Rockefellers made it. But the rest of the clan toted up another $5.5 billion on the supplementary roster. Du Ponts do even better, with an additional $9.4 billion, while the Mellons are worth $4.4 billion. Sixteen family clusters are worth a collective billion or more. Many others, like the Kennedys ($850 million), have fortunes in the high hundreds of millions.

Most industries represented on our lists wouldn't surprise McAllister. Even the electronics elite like Kluge; William Gates ($2.5 billion) of Microsoft; H. Ross Perot ($2.2 billion) of Electronic Data Systems; and Steve Jobs ($400 million),

Lenni Brenner is the author of The Lesser Evil: The Democratic Party *and* Jews in America Today *(both Lyle Stuart).*

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formerly of Apple, now Next Computer, would be understood. The muckrakers might even have enjoyed a landfills and recycling plant garbage king like John Rangos ($505 million). But while they knew of show biz and the shoe biz, Paul Fireman of Reebok, with his $350 million, and Philip Knight of Nike, with a billion plus, might have blown their minds. However, if they looked hard, they would feel less surprised. For all Reebok's sponsoring of Amnesty International's 1988 fundraising rock tour and the Boston leg of Mandela's trip to the United States, an accompanying *Forbes* article reports both companies "contract the manufacture out to low-wage factories in places like South Korea and Taiwan."

Lincoln Steffens would be right at home with some of the boys. There is Walter Annenberg ($1.65 billion), the former owner of *TV Guide*. In 1939 he and his father were indicted for tax evasion. Moe pleaded guilty on the proviso that charges against Walt be dropped and went to prison as the biggest tax cheat in U.S. history. Boston realtor Harold Brown ($500 million) was "sued by Justice Department for racial discrimination (consent decree 1982)," and "pleaded guilty to $1,000 bribe for building permit 1986." Grover Connell ($430 million), a food exporter and heavy-equipment leaser, is a "well-connected Democrat; reputation as one of nation's largest donors of politicians' speaking honoraria. Charges of illegal activities with Korean wheeler-dealer Tong-sun Park dropped 1979."

Edwin Cox Sr. ($300 million) is in oil and gas. He was "hurt by . . . fall of son. . . . Jr. drew 6 months in jail." Lester Crown ($1.65 billion) of General Dynamics, one of the top defense contractors, was named an unindicted conspirator in an attempt to bribe members of the Illinois legislature in 1974. The Chicago Democrat was granted immunity in exchange for testimony.

Charles Gates Jr. ($490 million) is "taking personal bath in S&L-tainted east Colo. real estate." Trading partners Pinky Green and Marc Rich ($800 million each) "fled tax evasion charges, to Switzerland 1983. Paid $200 million fines . . . so U.S. arm . . . could resume business . . . still on wanted list." Realtor Harry Helmsley was "declared mentally unfit to stand trial," but wife Leona drew four big ones for tax evasion. John Hollingsworth ($760 million), a South Carolina textile machinery manufacturer, had a criminal tax fraud case dropped in 1968 but "settled with the IRS out of court . . . ended up paying over $8.7 million in back taxes and fraud penalties."

There is Michael Milken, the world's wealthiest confessed felon, at $700 million. Anthony Pilaro ($390 million) of Duty Free Shoppers started in an offshore tax shelter hustle and "met future fugitive Robert Vesco there, consultant to Vesco." Investor Victor Posner's "years of looting add up: worth over $290 million." He was "nailed for tax evasion [in] 1987." Ian Woodner ($310 million), who has died since making the list, was sentenced to two and a half years for tax evasion.

Leonard Stern ($1.3 billion) owns *The Village Voice*, but his real bucks come from Hartz Mountain pet supplies and real estate. Hartz settled two antitrust suits in 1979 for $100 million. Stern also had to pay $640,000 in back pay to his coolies in a settlement of a 1974 union organizing struggle. In a 1984 plea bargain with the Feds, Hartz Mountain pleaded guilty to perjury, subornation of perjury and obstruction of justice. The 1985 *Forbes 400* reported that the perjury involved the "hiring of hookers."

Those are not the only people on the list whose affairs could not stand legal scrutiny. But if you investigate any 400 Americans you might find the same percentage of crooks. By and large the 400 are honest, at least in the legal sense. The classic story of capitalism is that of the pirate who makes it big and becomes a fleet owner. Then he is all for hanging pirates. America's moguls are not like the Third World tycoons in *Forbes*'s annual *The World's Billionaires* issue (also by Seneker). Those guys live practically next door to the dictator and are commonly implicated in his crimes. In our country the politicians do the dirty work while their well-to-do friends patronize the arts.

Most of the 400 are not active politically, except in pursuit of crass self-interest or a prestigious ambassadorship. But Warren Buffett, an Omaha investor and the second-richest American at $3.3 billion, says he "will give bulk of wealth to foundation devoted to population control and nuclear disarmament." Catherine Mellon Conover ($275 million) is called an "antiwar activist, environmentalist." Joan Kroc ($920 million) is the widow of Ray Kroc, builder of the McDonald's empire. She funds AIDS research and homeless hospices. In 1987 she gave the Democrats $1 million be-

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cause of her opposition to Reagan's militarism. Giving Democrats money to stop wars is naïve, but what liberal isn't?

The socially conscious members of the 400 are exceptions, however. Doris Duke, once known as the richest girl in the world, now worth $750 million, posted $5 million to bail out Imelda Marcos. Tennessee coal baron James McGlothlin ($340 million) is strictly antiunion. Katherine Graham and son Donald have $630 million between them in *Washington Post* stock. They "withstood violent pressmen's strike 1975, broke union." James Davis is worth $350 million, and the rest of his family is worth $825 million. Their Winn-Dixie chain is the "largest nonunion grocer, called 'J.P. Stevens of food industry' by unions." Tatnall Hillman, descendant of a Pittsburgh "robber baron," patronizes conservative causes, as does Richard Mellon Scaife, worth $625 million. Another freedom fighter is Shelby Davis ($575 million), chair of the Heritage Foundation and member of National Right to Work and of Accuracy in Media.

Art and religion are major interests of the 400. For some, art *is* their religion. Twelve own collections valued at $100 million or more, including the aforementioned Annenberg and Woodner. There is Betsy Whitney ($750 million). Her "stunning impressionist collection" includes a Renoir that sold for $78 million. Polish art major Barbara Piasecka married into the Johnson & Johnson Band-Aid fortune, now worth $715 million, and has a "vast collection Old Masters." When ungrateful compatriots wouldn't let her buy the Gdansk shipyards, she bought the "Badminton Cabinet," paying $15 million for that piece of furniture.

There is an article on Larry Gagosian, who went "from selling $5 posters on the sidewalk" to becoming "art dealer to many of The Forbes Four Hundred." In 1989 he sold a Pollock painting for $10 million. Isn't that what you must pay folks to put his drippings on their walls? The fine arts have always been for the rich. But there is a difference between Lorenzo de Medici and these wannabes. He had the unknown Michelangelo at his table. Today even a Renaissance original on a private wall does nothing for our artists. It only denies access to art they should study and we should enjoy.

As Jerusalem Slim said, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." But some keep trying to crash the gate. Kluge converted to Catholicism before marrying a model; however, he has lapsed into sin and is divorcing her. Ruth June Hunt, who shares $1.5 billion with several members of H.L. Hunt's second family, is a "professional Christian speaker-singer." Retired candy king Forrest Mars Sr. shares $6.8 billion with three family members. He is breaking new records for piety: "I pray for Milky Way, I pray for Snickers." (Reader, stop snickering!) Robert McLane, a Texas grocer with $350 million, is an active Baptist. Ireland-born Thomas Flatley, a Massachusetts realtor ($550 million), "advises local Cardinal" and gave $2 million to Boston College for a chair in Catholic theology. Tom Monaghan, owner of Domino's Pizza, "funds a Honduran missionary." And Joseph Gruss, 87, has donated the humongous sum of $100 million of his $500 million to Jewish causes.

Logic can't sanctify a system centered on inheritance. This was explained by Steven Rockefeller, quoted in the 1983 issue:

> Having wealth is unjustified, but the Rockefellers justify it by doing good. I had to cut through all this and understand that there is *no* rational justification for my family having the amount of money that it has, and that the only honest thing to say in defense of it is that we like having the money and the present social system allows us to keep it.

Candor is always refereshing. Nevertheless, oppressive systems don't end because a scion of the rich grasps the situation. There isn't much mass opposition to American capitalism. There are about two to three thousand of us Trotskyists and other filed-tooth cannibals who do have it in for the capitalists. But we are divided and isolated. There are many more *Nation* types who go no further than urging the Democrats to nominate a "populist" who will promise to raise taxes on the rich by a whole round nickel. This will scarcely bring down capitalism.

Thus it would appear that the 400 have nothing to worry about. But capitalism has two grave weaknesses. *Forbes* reports that for the first time since the special issue has been published, "The rich got poorer in 1990—and a number of prominent American fortunes took nosedives." The minimum to make the list dropped from $275 million in 1989 to $260 million this year. Adjusted for inflation, "the drop was over 11%." One hundred and seventy-two fortunes declined since the

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last issue, and fifty-three lost between $100 million and $880 million. The present downturn may not lead to a 1929-style depression, but eventually one will come. If you keep taking out of a bag and never put anything back, you end up with an empty bag. An orgy of junk bonds, insider trading and hundreds of billions of dollars in S&L frauds is always called taking out, not putting in. And if that doesn't bring the system down, Washington will, if not this time then later, plunge into a war that will generate enough domestic opposition to destroy the social order. Because what Sancho once told us is an eternal proverb: "In this world the follies of the rich pass for wise sayings." □

Enemies, A Love Story

DAVID KAUFMAN

BERTOLT BRECHT: Letters 1913–1956. *Edited by John Willett and Ralph Manheim. Translated by Ralph Manheim. Routledge. 720 pp. $39.95.*

"The fact is that if Marx is so little known it's because so much has been written about him," wrote Brecht in a letter to Karl Korsch in 1939. Apart from noting that this particular letter was neither finished nor sent, the greater irony is in recognizing how much this remark applies to Brecht himself. Has any other artist or writer or thinker in this overcrowded century been simultaneously so revered and so reviled as Bertolt Brecht? Yet for all that's been said by and about him, how many of us understand Brecht or even understand those who claim they do? While admiring his genius, there are many who will never forgive Brecht his ill-gotten Austrian citizenship, secured under hypocritical pretenses to facilitate his postwar mobility. Nor will he ever really be pardoned for his Swiss bank account or his unconscionable treatment of the numerous women in his life or the colleagues he abused professionally. Of the many other infractions in circulation, a prevalent one concerns Brecht's everyday apparel, as captured by John Fuegi's celebrated comment that "he would spare no expense to look poor." Yet, thirty-five years after his death, Brecht is still defying his audience—the world at large—to make up its mind about his character.

Thus it is with a sense of expectation or guarded excitement that we greet the arrival of *Bertolt Brecht: Letters 1913–1956*, anticipating insights and answers that have eluded us until now. As translated by Ralph Manheim with helpful commentary and notes supplied by John Willett (neither a newcomer to Brecht scholarship), the tome marks the most comprehensive collection of Brecht's correspondence to appear in English. For the most part, it is based on Günter Glaesar's two-volume German edition (1981), and it follows Glaesar's numbering system while interpolating descriptive references to additional letters in the rear of the volume. By all accounts, the roughly 900 letters included here constitute less than a third of Brecht's correspondence. But that is still nearly a third more than has been available before, and certainly enough to tell us what Eric Bentley meant when he coyly observed, "In his lifetime Brecht was the man who never answered letters. We know now that he answered all the letters he wanted to answer."

The chronological arrangement works well on a variety of levels. One can, for instance, focus on the geography of Brecht's peripatetic existence to trace the impact of being a refugee on the development of his thought and his work. But if Brecht was a centrifugal witness at the eye of the storm from which our century will never completely recover, we can only wonder what he would have to say regarding the unification of Germany today. For himself, at least, he refused to accept any division imposed after the war. Petitioning for Austrian citizenship in April 1949, following fifteen years of exile, Brecht would write, "I can't settle in one part of Germany and be dead for the other part."

Paul Johnson, who otherwise savaged Brecht in his book *Intellectuals*, provides at least one valid insight when he claims that Brecht had "a brilliant knack of advancing his personal interests while proclaiming his devotion to the public's." But even with this perception, he errs by assuming there was only one public that Brecht addressed. The letters make clear that Brecht was constantly forced to create his own rules in wending his way through a number of shifting worlds that had, on the one hand, too many rules, and on the other, too few. Brecht's life is, willy-nilly, an indictment of the grotesque period in human history that he survived—a time when "each week without a world war is an incredible stroke of luck for mankind." He notes that his plays "were written at a time of wars and revolutions. . . . Literature doesn't necessarily disintegrate at the same time as the social order; a part of it contributes to the disintegration of the social order." Possibly the most revelatory statement along these lines occurs in a letter to Erich Engel: "I am probably more aware than most people of the constant flux of things and the incredible speed with which thoughts and feelings grow old. It is hard for an intelligent man, still capable of learning, to remain unreservedly committed to an idea until he has uttered the last word of his sentence."

Instead of sidestepping contradictions, the letters emphasize that Brecht reveled in them. ("As for your suggestion that I should add irony towards the East to my irony towards the West, do you think it's possible to be objective without taking sides?") No matter how elastic Brecht's morality must ultimately appear as a result of this, it is precisely his attraction to paradox that engenders the more brilliant precepts and analyses contained in his letters, and that yields an appreciation of his nature in ways that neither his work nor his biographers do. In this regard, see especially the letters numbered 495, "The best way to defend the innocent is to attack the guilty"; 496, "The important psychological fact is that the Allies did not go to war to save the German people but to destroy the imperialistic Nazis. Our task is to transform the second objective into the first"; 532, "The Nazis carried their tragic fate down with them; now the Parisians are fishing it out of their sewers and calling it existentialism"; 739, "As for activation and its contrary (passivation?), obviously their social value varies with the situation; in art these contraries are not absolute; that's where art is so wise."

And where in all of this, we might inquire, does one's conscience enter into the picture? For this too, Brecht had an answer: "The best radicals are not troubled by conscience; they possess, or are possessed by, a remarkable feeling for productive solutions to social problems, the kind of solutions that will benefit

David Kaufman, theater critic of Downtown, *is writing a biography of Charles Ludlam. His book reviews appear frequently in* New York Newsday *and* The New York Times Book Review.

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large numbers of people: they usually fight for compromises and keep within the limits of their class." At his most compelling, Brecht could even derive what might qualify as an ideological defense of hypocrisy. "In the organization of great social changes it is necessary on the one hand to make (and break) alliances in many quarters and to allow our like-minded allies considerable freedom in matters that have no bearing on the common aim. (The battle must *somehow* be won.) On the other hand, we must drastically restrict the freedom of opinion of a small nucleus. A party without strict discipline cannot enter into alliances."

Brecht's letters are loaded with "other hands," and they testify time and again to an implicit conviction that being contentious and provocative is not only an inalienable right but the desirable approach: Making enemies was not some incidental price one had to pay in the process of correcting what ailed the world but a potential agent for locating the remedy. Without them, there would be no fight, no cause, no consequences. Brecht commented in a letter to Bernard von Brentano, a journalist who had aligned himself with a newly formed left-wing organization, on the value of adversaries: "You see, apart from themselves, those people hardly have any enemies left, and since that's their greatest problem, why provide them with an enemy free of charge?" The problem was, Brecht had to undermine his own successes constantly, grope for ways to turn his advocates into his enemies. And to anyone observing the fray too carefully, his characteristic about-faces have to appear ludicrous.

The overwhelming portrait we receive of Brecht depicts a man who was inextricably caught up in the circumstances of his era. As James Fenton phrased it in his review of Ronald Hayman's *Brecht: A Biography* for *The New York Review of Books*: "A great deal of what looks typically Brechtian, from theory to matters of sheer exuberant taste, is in Brecht because it happened to be in the air at the time."

"This author is one of those men who, because of their isolation in an age now regarded as inglorious, are believed to stand in contrast to that age . . . until in the end it becomes clear at bottom they were part and parcel of that age. . . . The pillar this saint has been standing on was chosen too knowingly; it is situated in too populous an area, and is much too picturesque." Belonging to a 30-year-old Brecht, these words were written to describe Stefan George, in response to an open invitation from *Die literarische Welt* to celebrate George's 60th birthday in print. But given his own history and the gnawing vicissitudes of his reputation, they might strike us as a fitting epitaph for Brecht himself. □

This Land Is Her Land

CAROL HURD GREEN

TO "HERLAND" AND BEYOND: The Life of Charlotte Perkins Gilman. *By Ann J. Lane. Pantheon. 413 pp. $29.95.*

All of the inhabitants of Herland, Charlotte Perkins Gilman's feminist utopia, are capable of pregnancy and giving birth simply by willing it: They do not need men. Each has an appropriate profession that she follows according to her gifts; for some, but emphatically not all, that profession is mothering. The inhabitants of Herland take mothering too seriously to allow it to be done by someone simply because she bears a child. This radical idea is central to the intellectual and personal journey of Gilman. Her decision to give over the care of her daughter to her first husband, Walter Stetson, and his second wife, Charlotte's good friend, Grace Channing, brought her widespread criticism and infamy as well as personal pain. What might under other circumstances have been a private arrangement became public because of the life Gilman struggled to lead, that of a writer and a public lecturer, an independent intellectual convinced of the significance of her ideas and of the obligation to make them known. This was not a way of life available to American women in the latter part of the nineteenth century; Gilman created the option and lived it out, thus making it imaginable for others. She lived the intellectual life passionately; it is the passion for ideas that informs *Herland*.

When I teach *Herland*, I always hope my students will respond to Gilman's prescient analysis of a woman's need to define herself by what she *does*, by her work. That is a central and striking theme of Ann Lane's compelling biography of Gilman. One is almost surprised several times by the realization (already? have we really come so far?) that Gilman's insistence on being defined by her work was for her a constant struggle. Gilman feared emotionalism, Lane points out, because it was through that appeal that women had often been led to act against their own best interests. In urging women to interpret the world rationally, she offered them for the first time the opportunity to understand the split between public and private, objective and subjective, active and passive, mind and body, that had rendered them unable to act. In her public life, however, as a prolific writer, lecturer and magazine editor (she wrote all of the articles for all of the volumes of the *Forerunner*, which she published from 1909 to 1916, the equivalent of twenty-eight full-length books), she always wrote and thought through her experiences as a woman, Lane points out. It was her experiences "as a woman, as a mother, as a daughter, as a wife" that shaped her inquiries and provided her with the means to comprehend and explain the world she perceived as (to use the current term) gendered. When we are caught by her contemporaneity, it is for that reason: Charlotte Perkins Gilman provided through her writing a new way to look at human society. That her ideas have not continued to have the currency and familiarity of those of her male counterparts in intellectual history is evidence of the validity of her analysis. She was praised and quoted in her own time, by many of its most famous men, but that was not all. The child of a troubled and lonely mother, who did not know how to praise her children, and of a failed and abandoning father, Gilman was able to heal herself "by means of the work she did. It gave her a sense of self-worth, importance, goodness, intelligence—all the qualities she did not come to adulthood believing she possessed."

There is a rather sad irony to the fact that the book by which Gilman is now best known is in the form women have long been allowed to write, fiction, and not the ground-breaking philosophical books she most prized. These days, Gilman's name is most frequently associated with the novella *The Yellow Wallpaper*. This story of a woman's descent into madness because of her infantilization by a doctor-husband who will not let

Carol Hurd Green is associate dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at Boston College.

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her express herself appears in anthologies and on innumerable college reading lists; it has been dramatized and filmed. The story is an important one for women: It reaches to the terror of being trapped and silenced.

The Yellow Wallpaper draws on Charlotte Stetson's experience with famed Philadelphia physician Silas Weir Mitchell. Faced with persistent depression after the birth of her daughter, she sought the advice of a man whose renown was based on his treatment of nervous diseases in women. His prescription for what the nineteenth century called neurasthenia, or "exhaustion of the nerves," supposedly caused by the pressures of contemporary society, was the Rest Cure. Mitchell's patients, mostly women for whom the neurasthenia diagnosis was more common than it was for men, were ordered to extended and total bed rest; isolation from family and familiar surroundings; overfeeding "[on] the assumption that increased body volume created new energy; [and] massage and often the use of electricity for 'muscular excitation' to compensate for the passive regimen to which the body was limited." This physical formula was intended to accomplish a moral end: It was Mitchell's assumption that women suffering from neurasthenia were characterized by a kind of "moral degradation." With a surfeit of inactivity and isolation, the woman invalid would welcome a "firm order to do the things she once felt she could not do," that is, her proper work of taking care of her home, her husband and her children.

Charlotte Stetson was sent home "cured" from Mitchell's sanitarium in 1887 and admonished to "live as domestic a life as possible. Have your child with you all the time. . . . Have but two hours intellectual life a day. And never touch pen, brush or pencil as long as you live." She tried his advice for a few months and came "perilously near to losing" her mind. In September 1888, she left her husband (from whom she had effectively separated) and the East, and went with her daughter to California to live. The story of the young wife in *The Yellow Wallpaper* is thus not its author's story, but the story of what might have been if she had not acted decisively, if desperately, on her own behalf. As Lane points out, Charlotte Stetson's encounter with Mitchell was the beginning of her liberation; it enabled her to make the break toward her own life. She was never to be free of anxiety, nor of the fear (and

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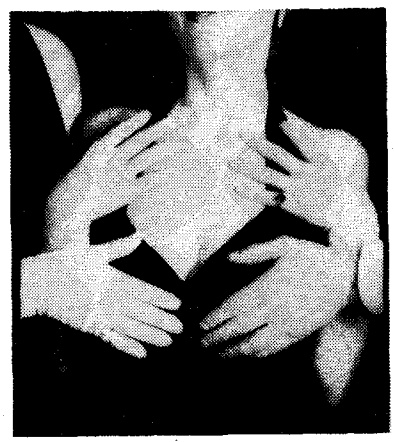

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sometimes the reality) of depression and mental illness, but it was a life that produced some of the most significant intellectual work of her times, most notably the radically original *Women and Economics* (1898).

In her risk-taking account of the woman she calls "my Charlotte," Lane asserts the integrity and wholeness of what often seemed to the person living it to be a fragmented life. Tormented by bouts of depression, uneasy in personal relations until her second marriage, to her first cousin Houghton Gilman, striving for self-affirmation and success in a career for which there was no available precedent, Charlotte Perkins Gilman is clearly a hero, a model even. But not an easy one: She was needy, demanding, troublingly subject to the prejudices of her time, particularly with regard to blacks and Jews, almost unnervingly (though correctly) sure of the importance and necessity of her work and, in the end, insistent on the acceptance of her suicide plans by those whose opinion she valued. Not an easy subject for a biographer, she led throughout what Lane calls a bifurcated life, giving precedence to the demands and pleasures of the intellectual life and trying to find ways to reconcile personal demands with that work.

The preponderance of Lane's richly researched and well-written biography gives us her subject through Gilman's personal relations. Each significant relation in her life is given a chapter, beginning with the father who deserted his family but whose self-designation as writer and intellectual Charlotte emulated; she far surpassed him in her accomplishments and her success. It was through him that she was linked to America's "most famous family," the Beechers, who provided Charlotte (especially through its accomplished women) both model and reminder of her inferior status as the daughter of one of the family's failures. Damaged by her own losses and the failure of her marriage, Mary Perkins, Charlotte's mother, denied her daughter the affection she needed and imposed regimens designed to prevent Charlotte from expressing herself and, perhaps, to protect her from hurt. She was not the mother that a developing artist needed, but she could not overcome the limitations of her temperament and her experiences. Lane provides a sympathetic portrayal of Charlotte's first husband, an artist when they met but nonetheless defined by the limits of Victorian expectations of womanhood; he tried, but he could never have been the companion she needed.

The most powerful and important relations of Gilman's life were with women: first, her beloved friend Martha Luther, whom she lost to an early marriage that she deeply resented, and subsequently, throughout their lives, even within the complications of their marriages, Grace Channing. Lane explains the complexities of Gilman's needs and temperament through her relations with Martha and Grace; a later, harsher and more punishing relation with a woman is detailed in the chapter titled Adeline/Dora. Houghton Gilman, the younger first cousin who was first youthful companion, then friend, then supportive husband (they married in 1900 when Charlotte was 40 and Houghton 33), is the subject of a chapter that also details the vast extent of Charlotte's career as a public speaker. Much of their courtship, if it can be called that, took place while she was traveling across the country, pondering their relationship, writing letters and spelling out her needs; they were seldom together. He acceded to the primacy of her work and provided the stability she so much needed until his sudden death in 1934.

The book concludes with chapters devoted to Katherine, the daughter she resented and loved, sent away, and returned to in old age, and to Gilman in her last years. She continued to write and to speak, completing her autobiography, *The Living of Charlotte Perkins Gilman*, seeking ways to make a living (as Lane notes at the beginning of her book, Gilman was always poor) and to insure the living on of her work, and finally planning her dying, a suicide by chloroform that acknowledged her terminal illness and sought to place death, as she had all the other important subjects that had concerned her throughout her life, in a different context.

Ann Lane's strategy of organization works well: It illuminates the complexities of the life of a woman who was trying to discover a new way to be; and, because that way is a very "modern" one, the account of Gilman's living sheds light beyond its subject. Beyond that, Lane's choice of an encircling mode of storytelling rather than a linear one is an important act of feminist scholarship. This is the story of the heroism of an intellectual confronting the limitations of her time and, through her work, trying to expand the universe of knowledge; but it is not the conventional male model of the story, of one against the world.

Through her rediscovery of *Herland* and editing of *The Charlotte Perkins Gilman Reader*, Ann Lane has already made major contributions in returning Gilman to the prominence she deserves; in this forthright, consistently readable and complex biography Lane provides us with the life we need to know to read Gilman well. □

THEATER.

THOMAS M. DISCH

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The Caucasian Chalk Circle
The American Plan

Mbongeni Ngema receives seven distinct credits in the program for *Township Fever* at the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Majestic Theater: book, music, lyrics, musical arrangements and orchestration, conception, choreography, and direction. Even so, his most significant achievement is not cited, for it is as the charismatic leader of the South African theatrical troupe Committed Artists that Ngema most commands respect. And that is surely too weak a word. Ngema is one of those singular artists who not only take charge of the entire creative operation, like Chaplin or Welles, but who also, like Balanchine, have trained a corps of performers in the stringent requirements of their signature style. It's still more remarkable that he has accomplished this in a hostile political environment and that the central thrust of his artistry is to celebrate the energies of revolution with a kind of pentecostal agitprop that is like a full-length opera version of the carmagnole, an ecstatic summons to the barricades.

Those who have seen Ngema's earlier and very similar *Sarafina!* will need little urging to see *Township Fever.* (And those who have not may catch the *Sarafina!* roadshow company, which is touring the Carolinas in late January and then appearing through much of February in Los Angeles.) Like *Sarafina!*, the story is based on recent history and hinges on the revolutionary energies leading up to a massacre, and the ensuing mourning. The victims of the massacre in *Sarafina!* were schoolchildren; in *Township Fever*, striking transport workers. The new work has a complicating factor in

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that a contingent of the strikers, the play's collective hero, have murdered government informers and been sentenced to death for their crime. They are clearly guilty, but their defense is that they don't recognize the validity of South Africa's courts. They continue to command the audience's sympathy, though they are not ideal revolutionary figureheads, and some critics have found this a flaw in *Township Fever.* As a white American with no direct involvement in the South African conflict, I had no difficulty in responding to Ngema's work as a tragic vision; the fact that it is not as effective as *Sarafina!* in firing revolutionary zeal didn't seem important.

In any case, the singular theatrical merit of Ngema's work is not his message but his medium, which is choral song and dance. As against the totalizing uniformity and enforced anonymity of the classic corps de ballet or chorus line, Ngema's singers and dancers maintain their individuality even as they perform vocal and choreographic numbers of extraordinary complexity. One is constantly marveling at how many things are happening on the stage at the same time. Out of a mesmerizing chant a solo voice will emerge for a brief ethereal flight. Or a minor character will catch your attention off to the side of the stage, only to become, a moment later, the focus of a choral movement that sweeps up everyone. The besetting sin of large-scale choral works, whether Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* or a Busby Berkeley spectacle, is an uninflected grandiosity that becomes tedious. *Township Fever* is never boring, which is all the more remarkable since it is also never, in an intellectual or discursive way, "interesting."

Though there are so many distinctive performers onstage, it is hard to credit most of them, since they are listed in large block credits in the categories of lead singers (twelve), dancers (twelve, with an overlap of three) and chorus (twenty, with further overlapping). Many listed in these categories also have character roles, but in only a couple of cases do the character roles command attention in their own right. Sindiswa Dlathu as a young bride and Everywoman is as near a star as the show allows, and Bheki Mqadi is an old reprobate whose almost spastic lurchings about the stage add up to something both archetypal and completely original, a kind of African Silenus.

Definitely worth getting to—unless you have a back problem. Whoever designed the Majestic Theater's benches never studied ergonomics: They are the most cruelly uncomfortable seats in any New York theater.

Brecht's *The Caucasian Chalk Circle,* in an adaptation by Thulani Davis, is director George C. Wolfe's first contribution to the new era of the Public Theater, in which Joseph Papp, like Lear, has partitioned and distributed his kingdom among rival heirs. Though the production has already closed, I thought it a qualified success. The production's big problem—the unpleasantness of Azdak, the Act Two protagonist, a Marxist version of the traditional trickster figure in folklore—is also, notoriously, the play's. The non-Azdak half of the play concerns a servant girl's rescue of an aristocratic infant from revolutionary terror and her attempt, later, to be recognized as the child's true mother; it's unproblematical good fun, a commedia dell'arte recension of *Il Trovatore* with lots of opportunity for directorial coup-manship.

Brecht is one of those playwrights, like Shakespeare, with such faith in the wisdom and resourcefulness of his interpreters that his plays' scripts sometimes scarcely hint of his dramatic intentions. Again and again, scenes that seem unremarkable on the page become the occasion for theatrical magic, as in Act Two's opening confrontation between Azdak, played with a ferocious campiness by Reggie Montgomery, and a fugitive aristocrat, mimed by Kevin Jackson in one of the many masks (and puppets) designed by Barbara Pollitt and Stephen Kaplin. To apportion praise for the effectiveness of only that one scene among actors, musicians (who are kept steadily and profitably employed), director and design team would be hard; to do so for the entire play is impossible. This is one of those occasions when criticism must fall back on that old standby, ensemble performance, and praise the actors en masse: Novella Nelson (as the narrator), Sharon Washington (as Madame Le Gouverneur, a comic monster with lobster-claw arms), Charlayne Woodard (in the starring role of Grusha), Kevin Jackson (as her beau) and Kweyao Agyapon (one of three musicians and the composer of the music). The list could easily be doubled. Indeed, I imagine this production will someday come to have the same historic cachet as Gene Frankel's epochal production of Genet's *The Blacks* in 1961, whose cast credits are a veritable honor roll of the black theater talent of the next three decades, including Roscoe Lee Browne, James Earl Jones, Louis Gossett, Cicely Tyson, Godfrey Cambridge, Raymond St. Jacques, Maya Angelou and Charles Gordone. The chief difference between this Brecht production and that of Genet is that in 1961 audiences made *The Blacks* a long-running hit, and the audiences just weren't there for Brecht. However, and happily, Wolfe is one of the four directors who are to share Papp's mantle among them, so we can expect more from him and his team in the seasons ahead.

The American Plan at the Manhattan Theatre Club is the latest work of Richard Greenberg, who had such success with his comedy *Eastern Standard* two seasons back. *The American Plan* is not as much fun, but then it's not a comedy. It is in the nature of a problem play, though it rather flinches from dramatizing the problem it confronts us with, which is the wisdom and/or expedience of using marriage as a mask for a covert homosexual life style, a social strategy that is presumably the "American plan" of the distant era in which the play takes place, the summer of 1960.

Greenberg creates memorable characters and may be the only living playwright who can write epigrammatic dialogue that is unfailingly witty, lightweight and natural, after the manner of Noël Coward. The play's plum role (as so often with Coward) is the grande dame, Eva Adler (Joan Copeland), a world-weary dowager with a daughter, Lili (Wendy Makkena), who is half spoiled brat, half wounded sparrow. She attracts the attention of a somewhat callow fortune hunter (D.W. Moffett) whose tenuous charms have won over both Lili and Eva (much the harder nut to crack); his former lover (played by Jonathan Walker with sinister suavity) appears to propose the adoption of the "American plan" referred to above.

At this point, as though horrified at his own audacity, the playwright retreats from his premise. Eva sees what is going on and, rather than assist in arranging a decorative marriage for her daughter, pulls the plug on her engagement. What follows is dramatic enough in its way, but is neither as intellectually challenging as it might have been nor even quite honest. The subtext that I sense (but that I doubt the playwright intended) seems to counsel a return to the closet as a strategy at once profitable and glamorous. If that

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had been the play's *text*, Greenberg would have written a more memorable, if perhaps repellent, play. The acting, under the direction of Evan Yionoulis, was like a championship bridge tournament. □

EXCHANGE.

(*Continued From Page 146*)

is seriously flawed and not legally justifiable. . . . The Food Safety and Inspection Service [which Crawford directs] has apparently lost sight of the fact that its primary mission is not to cut the number of inspectors but to protect consumers from unsafe meat and poultry."

7. Does Crawford's allowing an attrition rate of 9 percent in the number of inspectors nationwide since March 1990 constitute deregulation of meat inspections and a forcing of the industry to police itself? I say yes, as do many beef and pork inspectors, who know the state of food inspection better than anyone and who say they have "lost faith in the U.S.D.A. seal of approval." "The Food Safety and Inspection Service is headed toward chronic, progressive degeneration," says Dave Carney, vice chair of the National Joint Council of Food Inspection Locals, which represents approximately 6,500 food inspectors nationwide.

8. What the Europeans call "diseased" the United States, under Crawford's direction, chooses to call safe. But the European Community is using an inspection policy the United States brought to Europe in the 1950s. Our standards for meat inspection have been lowered to enhance profitability and productivity while the E.C. maintains the stricter U.S. standards from forty years ago.

9. I *did not* say Crawford was at the U.S.D.A. in 1978; I said that as head of Food Safety and Inspection for the U.S.D.A. he defended a regulation, implemented in 1978, that has allowed fecal contamination of poultry to be considered a cosmetic blemish—despite evidence that even after forty washings, the chicken still gives off bacteria that can result in food poisoning and death. After this regulation was implemented, the number of reported food poisonings in this country more than doubled, from 11 per 100,000 in 1976 to 24 per 100,000 in 1988. This, says Crawford in item 10, is the "most stringent microbiological control program for . . . poultry products in the nation's history." If that is the best we as a nation can do, we're in "deep doo doo."

In my article I submitted what any reporter would: quotes from experts in the field, including persons known to be "biased" in favor of human, animal and environmental health and safety—considerations that are supposed to be of primary importance at the F.D.A., the U.S.D.A. and the E.P.A. but that are too often sadly lacking. Crawford may call it a hatchet job; I call it a bull's-eye.

Daphne Wysham

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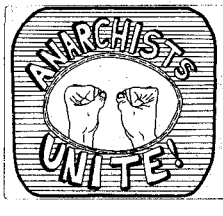

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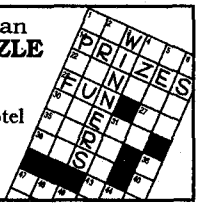

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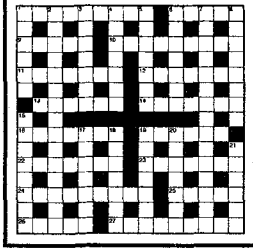

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A	■	D	■	N	■	O	■	A	■	U	■	B	■	S
R	E	D	A	C	T	S	■	P	E	N	N	A	N	T
T	■	L	■	O	■	E	■	H	■	C	■	S	■	A
I	F	Y	O	U	■	B	R	I	G	H	T	E	S	T
S	■	■	■	N	■	U	■	D	■	■	■	M	■	E
A	F	O	O	T	■	D	I	S	A	B	L	E	D	■
N	■	P	■	E	■	■	■	■	■	O	■	N	■	G
■	S	T	A	R	T	L	E	D	■	O	U	T	T	O
C	■	I	■	■	■	A	■	E	■	K	■	■	■	O
L	A	M	B	A	S	T	E	D	■	W	E	I	R	D
O	■	I	■	B	■	E	■	U	■	O	■	R	■	N
S	I	S	T	E	R	S	■	C	A	R	N	A	G	E
E	■	T	■	A	■	T	■	E	■	M	■	T	■	S
R	E	S	U	M	E	■	O	D	Y	S	S	E	U	S

Crossword Puzzle No. 2323

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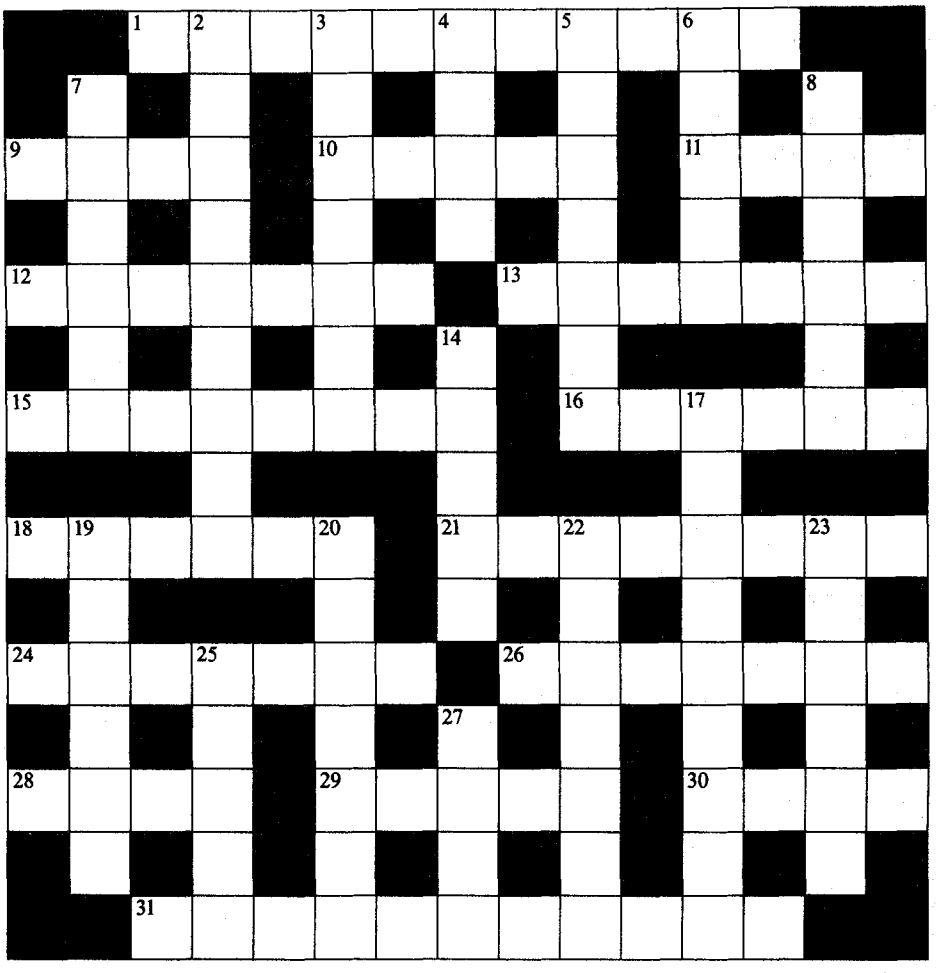

ACROSS

1, 18 and 11 Implying rap is unique, by chance? (11,6,4)
9 and 16 Where these puzzles usually go, with sound production guaranteed. (10)
10 Ape—one appearing in an opera number. (5)
11 See 1
12 Peculiar to ships made by the old teacher . . . (7)
13 . . . and puts peculiar stuff off the floor here, possibly. (7)
15 Makes things happen around Connecticut, but some of them hold water out west. (8)
16 See 9
18 See 1
21 Twisted hemp, in a "take it or leave it" condition found with stress. (8)
24 Considered by the Patriots to be a comer? (One appeared as a regular, or acted badly.) (7)
26 Barely more than fifty, and a famous general! (Gets drunk, too!) (7)
28 The essayist of "Reliance." (4)
29 and 30 See 4 down
31 If I write "I'm wierd!"—I am! (11)

DOWN

2 Even this top cipher has to be unscrambled, but if so, might say what is going to happen. (9)
3 What on earth caused the sap to get to the top! (7)
4, and 29 and 30 across Again and again, it seems like years spent acting crazy! (4,3,2,4)
5 Proving part of the matins has to have English to be music. (7)
6 Is there something fishy about the quintet? (5)
7 Angostura doesn't have the same old business coming back, which could suggest a cat, a rabbit or a goat. (7)
8 A book? That's about the size of it, perhaps! (6)
14 At one time a leading man in the theater, as you and I and the lady determined! (5)
17 Swaps a rook, perhaps, but is expected to get on with the business. (9)
19 So that's what you used with the darned thing! (6)
20 Follows (like Sam Spade) a little publicity in stage performances. (7)
22 It's not good fun being put in a bucket—such things hurt! (7)
23 How does a fender-bender result? Move in a little! (6)
25 It might be a sort of habit one associated with an animal. (5)
27 Trouble with your eye? Sounds like an awful spot to keep clean! (4)

PUZZLED?

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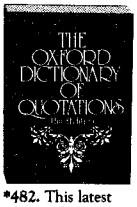

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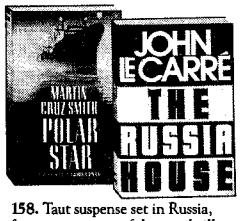

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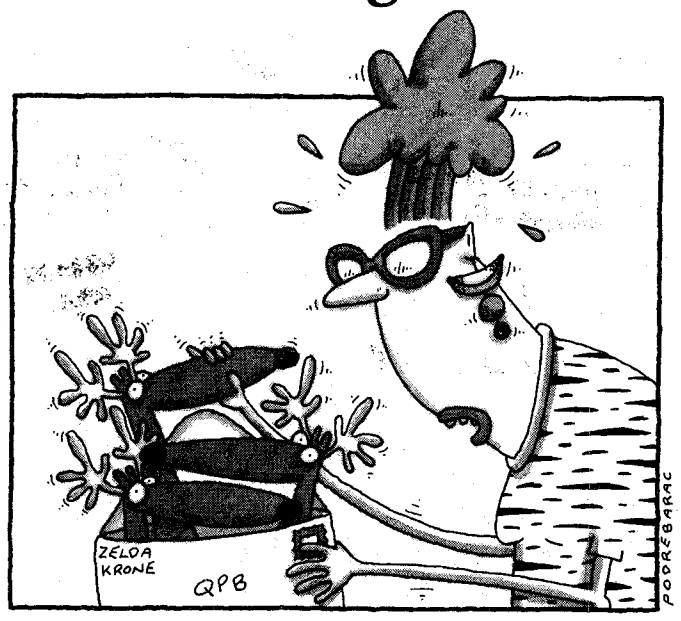

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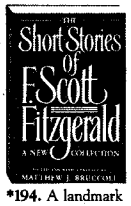

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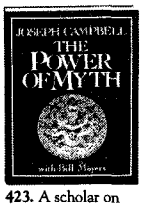

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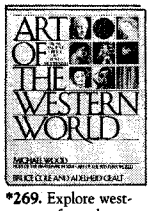

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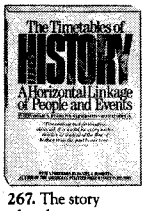

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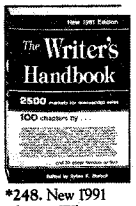

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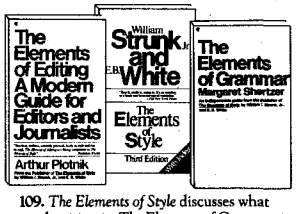
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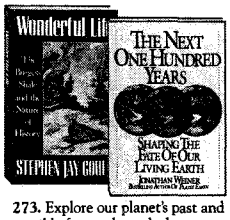

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